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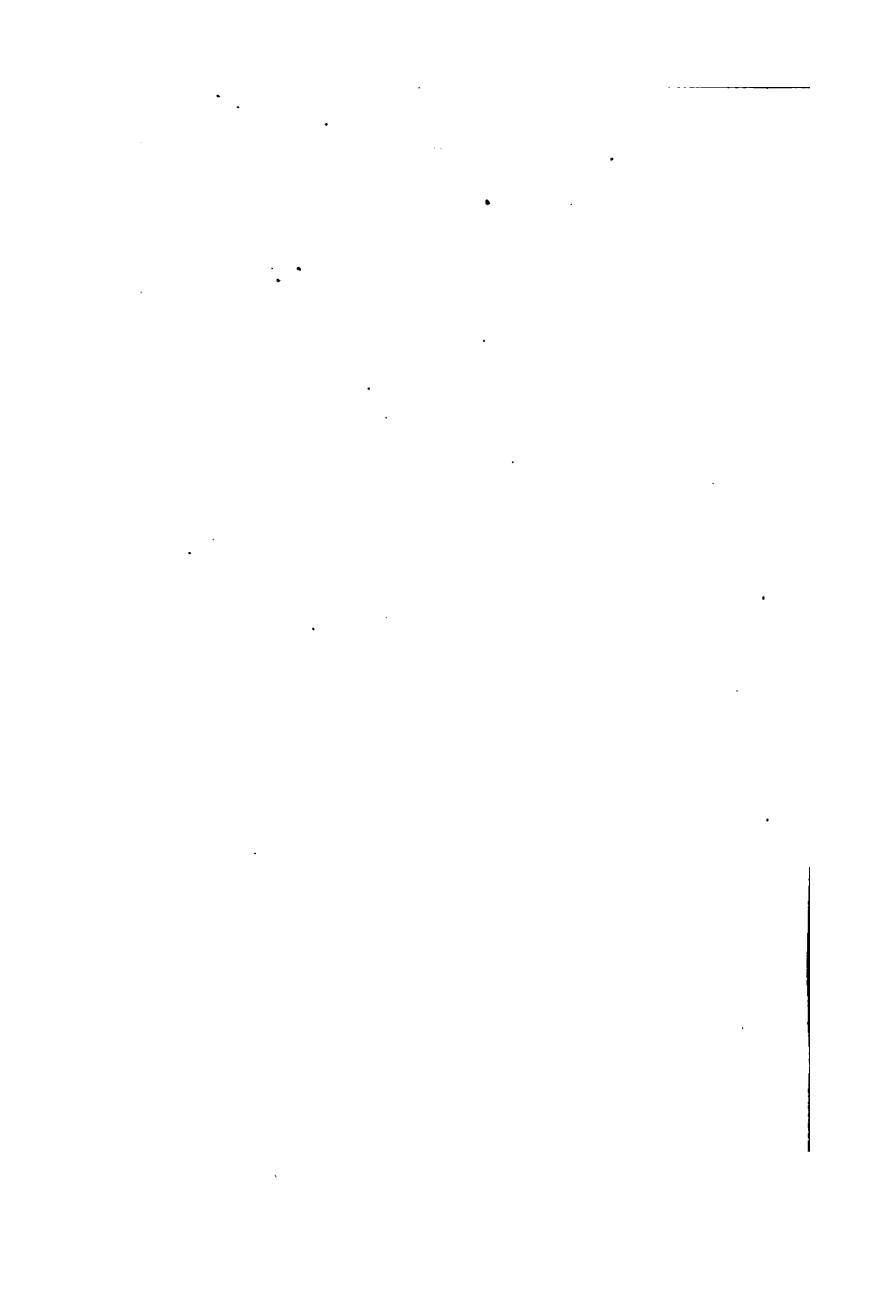
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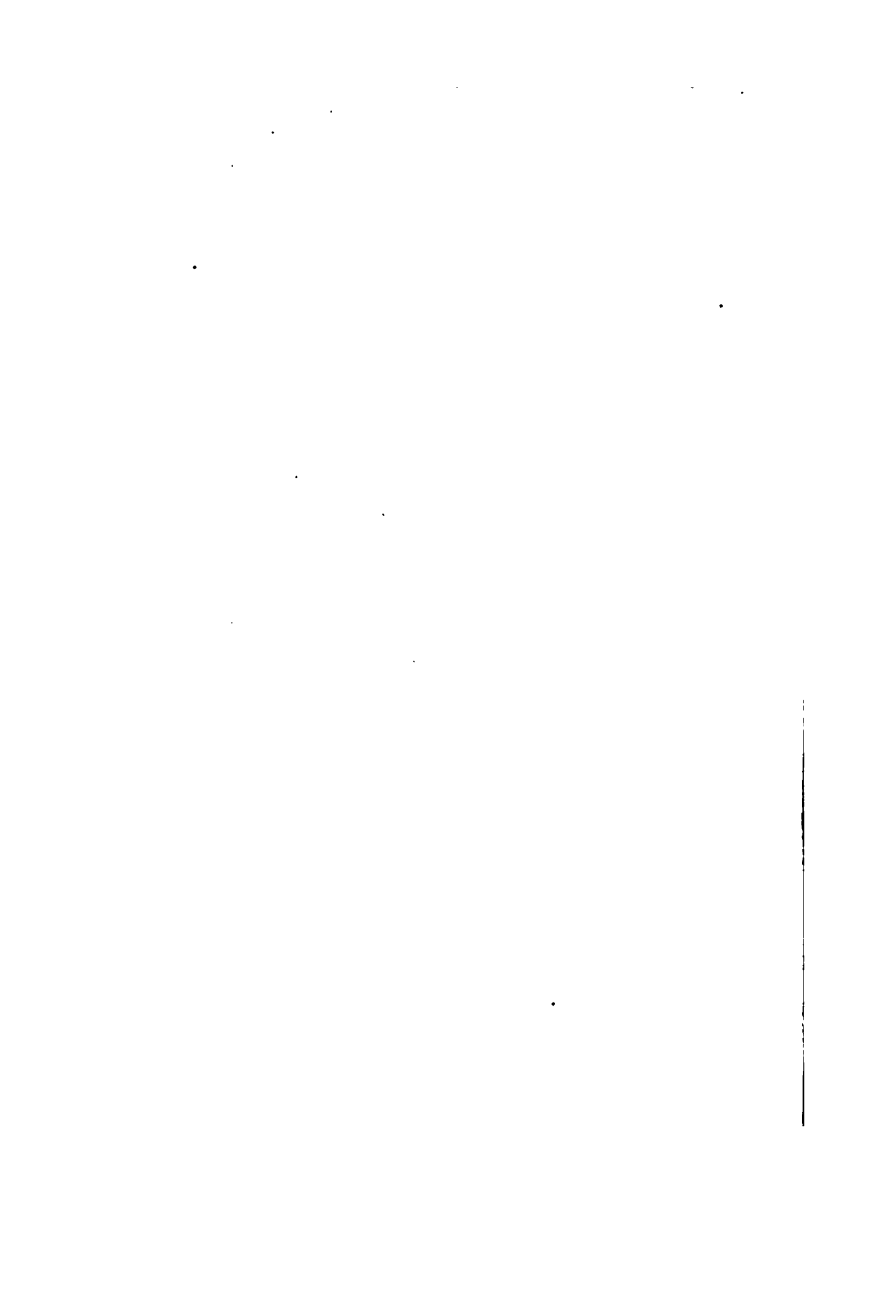
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1489-f. 1581.









Front. Henry's Tutor saves him from the Fire.

Patient Henry.

A BOOK FOR BOYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE LITTLE DRUMMER," "TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD,"
ETC.

With Illustrations.



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CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. WHICH TREATS ONLY OF SMALL LOAVES OF BREAD	I
II. THE TAILOR.	14
III. THE CONSEQUENCE OF A CRUEL JOKE . . .	25.
IV. MR. BURTON'S FAMILY HAVE A SATISFAC- TORY MEAL	38
V. THE WAGER.	45.
VI. THE BEGINNING OF THE CURE	58
VII. THE VISITS	65
VIII. THE TEMPTER	77
IX. NEW COMERS	87
X. TEMPTATIONS	100.
XI. NEW VILLANY	113
XII. THE POWER OF THE TONGUE	123
XIII. THE EXCURSION	143
XIV. THE VILLAINS SUCCESSFUL	162.
XV. RETRIBUTION	170



Henry goes to the Baker's shop.

PATIENT HENRY;

OR,

THE DANGEROUS WAGER.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TREATS ONLY OF SMALL LOAVES OF BREAD.

ON a cold winter morning, while it was still dark, a knock was heard at the window of a baker's shop, and a faint voice called—"Hallo!"

The baker's wife rose from an arm-chair behind the warm stove, where she had been taking a last nod, glided slowly to the window, and yawning as she opened it, asked in no very friendly tone—

"What do you want?"

"Five halfpenny loaves," replied the same voice.

"They are still in the oven," was the answer;
"come back in a quarter of an hour."

But the boy remained where he was, and waited

patiently for the loaves. Soon others came with the same demand : they had the same fair words for answer. Some withdrew, and the rest stopped, giving vent aloud to their feelings of impatience and irritation. When at last the bread issued from the oven, the late-comers were first served, and the boy above mentioned, who had been the first to reach the bakehouse, only received his purchase after all the others had been satisfied.

At noon, the same boy again made his appearance at the same shop, and again asked for five half-penny loaves. The baker's wife had now time to survey her new customer more attentively. He looked, alas ! suffering itself—bluish rings encircled his dull, deep-set eyes, his cheeks were pale and sunken, and his whole person was emaciated.

The hand which extended to her the money (rolled up in a scrap of paper) seemed, although icy cold and stiff, not to contain blood enough to give it even its customary frosty tint of blue. No trace of colour was perceptible about the whole skin of the boy. Even his lips were colourless, except a slight tint of blue. A little jacket—entire it is true, but so short that it scarcely came down six

inches below his elbows—scantily clothed his wasted body. The lower part of his frame and legs was still worse off, for it was only covered by a pair of coarse linen trowsers. After the woman had served the lad, she said to her husband—

“Dear me! if our children were obliged to go about as exposed to the weather as the poor boy who was here just now is, I verily believe that it would need but a single hour to freeze their limbs.”

“Yes, yes,” replied her husband, “the poverty is great, but so is also the dishonest living. As a man makes his bed, so must he lie.”

The boy was there again betimes the next morning, and again at noon, and in the evening. He regularly took his fifteen small loaves, five each time, three times every day. Soon he had no occasion to ask for them, the person in the shop handing him the loaves without putting any question. But rarely indeed did it happen, that the little early customer had not to wait for what he wanted. The baker's wife said to him one morning, after having told him again that the loaves would not be taken from the oven for half an hour—“But why not in

the meantime go home? Why do you stand so long there in the biting cold?"

"My home is a long way off," answered the boy.

"Where do you live?"

"Far away over the bridge."

"But, gracious me! why do you not, then, get your bread from some baker in the vicinity?"

"Because," answered the boy, hesitating—"because your halfpenny loaves are the largest we can buy. It is true, mother says, that it is only on account of the shape that they appear to be so; but even if that is the reason, one fancies oneself more satisfied with them than with others."

The woman made no reply, but said again after a pause—

"At all events, in your place I should not remain here by the shop, but endeavour by moving about to keep myself warm."

"I am not to wear my boots without necessity," was the naïve reply.

The woman, thinking to please him, took the five little loaves from the first batch; but when she offered them to him, the child said anxiously—

"They are not warm ; I must not take any home but warm ones."

"Only see what a perverse little fellow !" said the baker's wife ; "this is how he thanks me for having offered loaves to him that I might have already sold ten times ! Hot loaves are not wholesome ; why do you want them hot ?"

"First," said the boy, "they are warm to the hands ; and secondly, they taste twice as good as when cold."

What was the baker's wife to do, if she wished to avoid having her feelings disagreeably shocked every day by the consciousness that a human being was standing waiting with chattering teeth before her door ?

"Come into the warm room," she said, peevishly, to the boy, the morning after.

He obeyed, but in doing so gave her fresh cause for annoyance.

"Cannot you knock off the snow first from your boots ?" she scolded. "Do you not see that you have filled the room with mud and wet ?"

"My father told me," replied the lad, "that I must be very careful how I used my boots, because

only a few stitches hold the soles to the upper leathers."

"Take them off then, and leave them before the door," she said.

The child did as he was told. and now stood bare-footed before her.

Having remarked this, the woman said, displeased—

"Well! it is an unpardonable thing in a mother to send her child out in this frosty weather without good warm worsted stockings!"

The boy remained silent and did not stir, but the baker's wife again took her warm place near the stove, and made herself comfortable.

As soon as the loaves came from the oven he departed with them, having first put his boots on. But he never ventured of his own accord and unasked to enter the room, a discretion on his part not displeasing to his friend.

The next morning she handed to him a pair of worsted socks, scolding, however, as she did so—

"There! though I know well enough, that the good-for-nothing sort of people to whom you belong always rely upon the succour of well-disposed per-

sons, and had much rather spend their own money upon drink than upon necessary articles of attire."

"Mistress," said the old foreman, "God loveth a cheerful giver." He had just brought in a board filled with bread and cakes, and had heard her words. He continued—"Is it the child's fault if his parents are profligate?"

"Ah," she replied, "you know very well that I am not a hard-hearted person; but who can refrain from anger when he thinks of the godless poor? Who knows whether, this very day, those stockings which I have just given to the lad may not find their way somehow or other to a gin-palace?"

"His trowsers, too," said the foreman, "are not of the warmest, apparently."

"I have another pair of linen, under them," said the boy, fearing a fresh attack upon his parents.

"That is better, at all events," said the foreman, retreating into the bakehouse.

On Saturday the baker's wife gave the boy eight loaves.

"Three," she said, "I give over value."

The eyes of the child lighted up. Suddenly, however, the longing look with which he regarded

the present became troubled, and he said with hesitation—

“We only require five. Ah, if you would be so good as to give me a penny, or a penny-halfpenny instead of the three!”

The woman was surprised, and looked him full in the face.

“I never make presents of money,” she replied; “what do you want to do with the halfpence?”

“I wanted to buy at the chandler’s a ha’penny-worth of wood, and a ha’pennyworth of lamp-oil, and——”

“And what else? I suppose sugar-plums or a stick of barley-sugar?”

“No; a ha’pennyworth of snuff.”

“Oh! I was right, then, in supposing that it was for something quite useless. I only wish I had the money which some men expend during a year in snuff, or in tobacco to waste upon the air! The one is as superfluous as the other.”

“My father says that he cannot live without snuff; he would rather fast one day in the week than not have his snuff.”

“Oh, yes; just like the men—they all have their

hobby. Here, take the money and run away with it."

The boy took the money, but he did not, as he was ordered, "run with it," however much he might have liked to do so, for his legs had too little strength in them to permit that exertion. All that he could do, however, he did—he hobbled along a little more quickly than usual, with his feet bent inwards.

As he stood again waiting in the same room, on the Saturday following, the baker's wife said to the servant-girl—

"Do go and wake Frank and Fred. It is Saturday, and they have not yet learnt their lessons for school. Pull all the bed-clothes off, if they will not get up."

A little after, loud cries and quarrelling were heard at a distance; the door was then opened, and in came, with sullen faces, two boys only half dressed. Without saying good-morning they placed themselves, gaping, close to the warm stove. Then the elder cried—"My coffee!"

His mother went and fetched a large jug of coffee and another of milk. Whilst she was pouring the

coffee into the cups, the boys rummaged among the loaves and hot rolls.

"Are there no coffee cakes left from yesterday?" demanded Frank of his mother.

"No," she answered, "you must be content with rolls or biscuits."

"What a bore!" said Fred, searching in the sugar-basin for the largest piece of sugar. Whilst he was breaking his biscuit and letting it drop into his coffee, his eye suddenly fell upon the strange lad standing there in his stockings.

"What do I see?" he began, with a feeling of malicious pleasure and surprise. "I say, Frank, is not that Patient Henry standing there at the door?" With these words he rose, and gave the child such a blow in the hollow of his back with his fist, that the poor fellow lost his balance, and fell upon his hands on the ground.

The boy's demeanour, under this provocation, proved how appropriate the epithet Patient was when applied to him, for the maltreatment that he had experienced elicited no sound from his pale lips. Whilst the baker's wife said a few words to reprove her son's stupid horseplay, Patient Henry contrived

to rise. He remained silently standing there with downcast eyes. Then Fred possessed himself of Henry's cap, and clapping it sideways on his head, imitated his bandy legs, and a habit he had of making a circular movement with his right arm in the air; and so he stalked up and down the room, uttering a dull, humming sound; his mother and his brother Frank almost choking all the time with laughter.

"Be still, be still, you little wag," she tittered.

Finally he asked—"Where did Patient Henry leave his boots?"

The boy made no reply, but looked straight forward.

"He did not run hither in his stockings," continued Fred.

"What is that to you?" said the woman. "He left his boots outside the door, not to dirty the room."

Fred immediately slipped out; but Henry, who had received his little loaves and his present of halfpence, withdrew. After a little time, however, he returned, with the loaves still in his hand. For the first time a slight red tinged his pale face, and with tremulous lips he said, almost inaudibly—

"My boots are gone!"

"Whither should they go?" answered the baker's wife. "Who would lay hands on the old worn-out things?"

"I have searched for them everywhere, on the floor and outside in the yard," said Henry, in great distress.

The woman took a light, and accompanied by Henry and her son Frank, went in search of the missing boots. Every corner was searched, and the floor and yard many times examined, without success. Poor Henry's teeth chattered in his head with cold and anguish.

The woman grumbled peevishly to herself—"That's what one gets for one's charity. We shall, after all, find that the boy has hidden them himself to obtain a better pair."

At last Frank called out, looking up and pointing to the ceiling—"There they are!"

The woman raised her light, and both saw the boots they were in search of, peeping out of a fire-bucket that hung suspended from the ceiling.

"Fred did that, and no one but Fred!" said Frank, positively. The baker's wife went and

fetches a stick, got them down, and handed them to Henry, who then slouched away home.

From that day, though he returned at the regular times as usual for his bread, no persuasion could induce him again to enter the warm room, although the weather grew colder and colder. A cough, that threatened to suffocate him, was the consequence of the violent cold which he caught by his half hour's search on the icy cold stones of the baker's yard.

CHAPTER II.

THE TAILOR.

THE reader must imagine himself now in a small room, dimly lighted by two low windows, which had in many places white paper substituted for panes of glass, and which, consequently, only suffered a feeble light to enter. Instead of ordinary articles of furniture, there were in it only two old chairs (one of them had but three legs), an old sofa, with a wretched-looking mattress spread upon it, and two bedsteads placed close together. There was a shelf attached to the wall, on which stood an earthen coffee-pot, a few cups, and three brown pipkins, all of the same size. The narrow space, left between the sofa and the bedstead, was occupied by an old, worm-eaten table. The former was the bed of the father and of his son, the patient Henry; upon the latter slept the mother with her two daughters.

It was still dark when the father waked his son, who was slumbering at his side, with the call—"Henry, it has just struck a quarter past six. Don't let the time slip by for getting the hot loaves."

The boy roused himself, got down from his mattress, and put on his scanty garments. He left the room with a fit of coughing, after having taken from the table the money laid there ready for him. Then the father said, with a deep sigh—"Poor lad! Heaven forbid that that should be the hooping-cough!"

"And the cause of it was that wicked boy at the bakehouse who hid poor Henry's boots!" cried the mother from her bed.

"It may be so," replied the father; "although I think that no one can escape his destiny. The rich generally amuse themselves at the expense of the poor; but that is the very reason why they find it difficult to enter the kingdom of heaven. I might, I know, have placed my feet under a very different table than this worm-eaten one of ours, could I only have brought my mind to marry my wealthy master's plain daughter. But she was far too great a shrew for me. Of what use would the best dishes

have been to me if I had had to eat them to the din of scolding? They would have turned to poison within me. The important matter is not what one eats, but how one eats it. Therefore, if I have nothing all my life long but bread and water, I will not murmur. Only I wish Henry had a more nutritious diet. The lad does not thrive, and his complexion is like milk and coffee."

"Improve our diet if you can!" replied the mother. "Coffee is the cheapest thing we can get. It requires only a farthing's worth of wood a day, it warms the body, and is a substitute for butter. Even potatoes, our favourite food, come dearer, though we only dip them in salt."

"You are a good housewife, and are perfectly in the right," said the father. "But which of your daughters' turn is it to make the coffee to-day? Henry will not be long before he returns."

"Sally, get up!" said the mother to her elder daughter. "You put everything ready, did you not?"

"Yes, dear mother," the latter replied, and she busied herself with preparing their morning meal.

Whilst she was plying the coffee-mill, her father

said—"What a sweet sound the whirr of the coffee-mill is! What a strengthener is coffee to the spirits and stomach! That hum-drum tone is of itself refreshing. What worthy man was it who invented coffee-drinking?"

"The inventor may have been a woman," interposed the mother.

"Not at all," said the father. "History tells us that he was a monk. If I knew his name, and were a wealthy man, I would have a marble monument erected to his honour, somewhat in form like a coffee-mill, with the inscription—'To the friend and benefactor of the poor, the inventor of the universal practice of coffee-drinking.'"

"I know why you so laud the man," said the mother; "it is to please me, because coffee-drinking is my weak point."

"And mine also," said the husband.

The mother lifted her finger significantly, and said—"That is false, my good man, I know your weak point better." And she shut her left hand; then with her right hand she raised two of its fingers and imitated the action of one taking a pinch of snuff.

A faint blush stole over the father's cheeks.

"Do I not mix my darling snuff with coffee, to make it last the whole week? and am I not right in doing so?"

"The water boils, it is running over!" the mother called to her daughter, who instantly went to arrange the cups on the table.

The coffee was poured out, and the aromatic perfume spread quickly throughout the small room.

"Ah, ah!" said the man, drawing in, evidently with great satisfaction, long draughts of the odorous steam. "What flower could retain its sweet perfume like this self-same coffee, after having travelled more than five thousand miles? May Heaven grant to the poor black that plucked it, and that removed the bean from the pod, many a happy hour yet!"

"Unfortunately, there are not many beans left for us," said the woman; "hardly three for each cup. Ah! I should like once in my life to drink good strong coffee—half an ounce and a lump of sugar to the cup."

"Woman! woman!" said the tailor, reproachfully, "what a spendthrift you are! Half an ounce to the cup, and a lump of sugar too! You would

be glad enough if we could only imitate neighbour Mason, who hangs a piece of sugar-candy by a string to the ceiling, and then whirls it round to the mouths of the various members of his family before they drink their cup of coffee."

The conversation was here interrupted by Henry's return. He was covered all over with snow. After he had laid down the small loaves, the flask of oil, and little bundle of wood, and had had a violent paroxysm of coughing, he was able to speak, though gasping for breath. "Ah, father! a set of wicked boys have been worrying me, and pelting me with snowballs. They kept jeering me and calling me 'Patient Henry,' and saying that I was fastened to my mother's apron-strings."

"My poor son!" said his father, "take off your boots, and lie down once more in the bed, to get a little warmth, and to quiet that bad cough of yours. Think no more of those bad boys! It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. Blessed are the peaceable, for they shall be called the children of God. Come close to me, and then you shall have your warm coffee. Did you succeed?" he continued, in a lower voice—"did you get it?"

"Yes, father," Henry replied, feeling in his pockets. "Here is the paper."

"Only one pinch of the real unmixed, to-day, and then one to-morrow, because it is Sunday!" said his father, wistfully opening the paper, and taking a pinch. He then carefully hid it under his pillow.

Whilst the family were drinking their coffee and eating the small hot loaves, they all remained sitting up in their beds. Even Sally, when her duties were terminated, had betaken herself thither again. The severe cold made the poor people do this; for as soon as she had boiled the water and got the coffee ready, Sally had, economically, extinguished the miserable little fire.

As the father ate his bread, he began once more—

"How true it is that bread is God's excellent gift! it is like coffee, for a man is never wearied of it. Who can it have been, that invented bread? In the olden time men bruised the grains of corn, boiled them into a broth, and devoured them in that manner. But it is written in the Bible, that Sarah, Abraham's wife, baked bread; it is true, without yeast and only in the form of thin cakes,

which in a few hours hardened and lost their flavour. How truly wonderful it is that the countless millions of mankind upon this globe are for the most part nourished by the little seed of grass!—for, after all, what are the greater number of the different sorts of corn save grass? How many millions of such seed are required, to give sufficient bread merely to the inhabitants of this city!"

"And how many grains of wheat do we alone swallow in a single year!" said Sally; "every day fifteen ha'penny loaves."

"That makes every year 5475 loaves," said Henry, who betrayed already great disposition for arithmetical calculation. "I wonder whether they would all go into our room?"

"Children," said the father, "I have quite a reverence for our fingers; for do they not gain by the aid of small needles, not only all those loaves, but, in addition to them, thrice as many cups of coffee, without reckoning clothes and lodging?"

"And master tailors," said the mother, "besides all these things, gain hare-stews and wine for their tables, and can pay, too, for large houses and a carriage and horses."

"I know what you mean by that," said her husband, sorrowfully; "and I understand my business just as well as any other can do. But those who are accustomed to pay high prices, never think themselves well served with low ones, and pigeons will ever take their flight to the pigeon-house."

And so the tailor put an end to a conversation that had begun to take a turn unpleasant for him. He leant forward to reach the Bible, that lay upon the table.

"Henry," he said, "before you go you shall read our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount. It is the real bread of life—a manna for all troubled and afflicted hearts. It will arm you with the best shield against every attack by wicked boys, and afford you lessons of the truest comfort."

After the boy had read it, his father began again—

"Now go, with the grace of God, my son, and good luck attend your traffic. Listen to me. Here you have twelve penny balls, and eight balls for twopence; twenty rattles, ten whips, and seven clowns; and to crown all, one King Solomon and one princess. Put my coat over your jacket; it is

very cold to-day, and your cough requires nursing. I do not leave the room, and do not, therefore, require the coat."

"The long, loose coat," observed Henry, "will make the boys jeer at me still more!"

"It is better to be jeered at than frozen," replied his father; "and when you return home at noon, if you have sold anything, buy an onion or two on your way. It is a good remedy for a cough to rub the back and the soles of the feet with an onion roasted by the fire. And if you find yourself worse, remember that to-morrow is Sunday, a day of repose and joy for you. And now let me kiss your poor, little pale face, my dear, dear son."

Henry silently kissed his father, in whose anxious eyes a tear glistened, and then his mother received the same tribute of affection, as she suspended by a string, to a button of his large coat, the balls and the rattles and the clowns; but she confided to his hand alone the two figures of Solomon and the princess; and, being at last fully equipped, Henry marched off.

And Burton—that was the tailor's name—began to work with his family, who remained sitting in

their beds. His work consisted in repairing old articles of dress—theirs, in manufacturing balls, large and small, rattles in the form of small drums that were to be twirled round by a string in the air, and lastly little whips and other playthings.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF A CRUEL JOKE.

PROTECTED by warm clothing, and by furs, against the biting cold, the children of the middle and the wealthy classes issued forth to school. The fresh and ruddy cheeks of all indicated a superabundance of health and nourishment. In the exuberance of youthful spirits they dashed along the slides, pelted one another with snowballs, and ran, calling and shouting, through the streets. Many chose the way by the market, in order to exchange their pocket-money for ruddy apples or prunes. At the corner of this favourite resort of theirs, a knot of lads had gathered round Patient Henry, who stood there, with his usual quiet manner offering his cheap wares for sale. He afforded the thoughtless children an object for jeers and laughter. They indulged in all kinds of pleasantries about his long, loose coat, which hung like a sack about the boy. But the latter kept

his eyes fixed upon the two puppets that he carried in his hands, and endured calmly, and without uttering a word, all the attacks which they made upon him; this only incited them to fresh ones. At last one of the boys, who had been plaguing him the most, stepped up to him, and asked—

“What is the price of this ball?”

Henry’s pale lips at last unclosed, and he answered, in a low tone—

“A penny.”

“Give it to me,” said the boy, allowing him to see the coin in his hand.

Pleased to make his first sale for the day, Henry extricated the ball in question from the others, and handed it to the purchaser, who immediately threw it to a distance, amongst the mud and snow, and ran away laughing, without paying for it.

At this shameful and wicked act of their companion the majority of the children felt a malicious pleasure, to which they gave vent in fits of laughter. Henry hurried to the spot to which his ball had been thrown, without uttering a single word of anger or indignation; but he only felt this ill-treatment the more sensibly. As soon as he had

regained his post at the corner of the market, the exertion to which he had been put produced a violent fit of coughing. He lost his breath—he thought he should choke. Whilst convulsed by this fearful paroxysm, King Solomon and the princess flew out of his grasp, and fell upon the flagstones. His eyes, almost starting from their sockets and raised upwards, seemed to implore succour from Heaven. After some time the fit subsided into a continuous, wheezing sound, and then the cough returned, and again and again burst forth. With his head leaning against the wall of a house, Henry struggled with it, till at last it ceased; but it left him completely exhausted. When he again looked up, he saw himself surrounded by a crowd of market people, who said, compassionately—“ Poor boy, he has the whooping-cough; he will have difficulty in getting through it with that emaciated body.”

He stared at them, almost forgetting where he was, and what had happened. At last his eyes wandered in search of the most precious of his wares—the two puppets. The princess lay in good order and unhurt upon the pavement close to him; a kind woman had laid it there, but King Solomon had

disappeared altogether; a large dog had seized it, and borne it off in his mouth.

What was Henry's despair now! Faintly he pressed his clasped hands upon his aching chest, and said earnestly—"Where is my king? where is Solomon?"

The bystanders looked at him in amazement; understanding neither his words, nor the anguish they expressed.

Suddenly a little girl, neatly dressed, forced her way through the crowd. The missing king was carefully reposing upon her left arm; the figure had lost only a little of the gold from its crown. "Here, you poor patient Henry!" she said, handing back his property to the boy. "I have been obliged to throw all my roll and butter to the ugly dog to get back your king from him. How sorry I am that those wicked boys make you their butt on account of your poverty! I will beg my mother to give you something for your bad cough. Come to-morrow to our home. It is yonder house with the weather-cock. Perhaps my mother will also give you something warm to eat. We live on the second floor. Do you understand me?"

The Consequence of a Cruel Joke. 29

Henry could look at nothing but his Solomon. A glance, full of the warmest gratitude, rewarded his young benefactress, who felt just as much pleasure as he did. She asked the boy if he had sold much that morning.

Henry shook his head and said, "As yet nothing."

Then the little girl put her hand into her pocket, and took out the contents—a small knife, a penny, and two halfpence. "I have no more," she said, as she forced the money upon Henry; "take them, do," she continued, when she saw that the timid boy was loth to receive them. "Winter is a bad time for you, because no one can then play with balls, or whips, or rattles; the cold keeps one's fingers so bent. You should rather make neat little dolls for us girls; you would find more customers for them than for those big-nosed puppets there and those stiff paper clowns."

Henry cast a fond glance at his King Solomon and his princess, and replied frankly—"Oh, do not jeer at my darling puppets, with which one can play the nicest comedies. Would that I only had many of the sort! It would be famous fun. Look how they will play together."

Saying this he passed his hand behind the mantle of King Solomon and the dress of Casperle. His forefinger was pressed against the hollow heads of the puppets; his thumb and little finger found their way into the empty sleeves.

Solomon nodded with his head, raised his right arm with solemnity, and extended his left before him, and then, in a measured tone, said—

“Princess, do you love me?”

The princess humbly bowed her head, laid her right hand upon her breast, clapped her left upon her wooden cheek, and a shrill voice replied—

“Yes, prince, I do love you.”

“Then come to dinner!” replied Solomon.

The paper princess declined the honour by a movement of her head.

During this dialogue, the boy's countenance lighted up; his eye was full of fire; his features lost their expression of suffering; a tint of colour spread over his face; the bowed neck was upright; he looked boldly forward; and even his feet assumed a firm, natural, outward position. Never before had he uttered so many words at a time in the presence of a stranger.

The Consequence of a Cruel Joke. 31

The little maiden had listened to him wonderingly. But when the loud laughter of the bystanders had brought Patient Henry to his senses, he shrunk back and resumed all his reserve ; the fire of his eye was quenched ; his cheek became again colourless, and his body bent as before.

“ Do you often play at acting with your puppets ? ” the child asked.

“ Oh yes,” replied Henry, in a low voice.

“ Well,” repeated the little girl, “ mind not to forget to come to us at twelve o’clock. Good-bye, Patient Henry.”

The boy gazed after the little one as she tripped away. Just as he was upon the point of returning home, a woman called out to him from her shop and said—“ Listen to me, Henry ; Prince Casimir has ordered firewood to be distributed amongst the poor. Apply there, and you will also get a share. You have only to go at four o’clock to the place where the wood is stored.”

Henry followed her advice, but did not reap any advantage thereby. He found a crowd of poor people, who pressed boisterously around the man who distributed the wood. Patient Henry did not

dare to venture into the crush, where one incurred the risk of being squeezed to death ; but he stood shyly at a distance. The heap of wood grew less and less, and at last disappeared altogether. Then the man who gave it away, disappeared also, and the boy stood gazing after him, cold and weary. Without a murmur, however, he returned home. He was nearly knocked down on his way thither by a sledge driven at a furious speed ; he had not, in his sorrow, heard the sound of the bells attached to the horses' necks. A man called out to him angrily to get out of the way, and a lash with the whip on the hollow of his back gave emphasis to the command. Henry winced with pain, and then, with eyes full of tears, he saw approaching a number of outriders in handsome liveries, preceding a number of sledges superbly decorated ; one of them was filled by a band of musicians, and the others contained gentlemen and ladies dressed in the height of the fashion. They hurried by. The train of sledges was so long that it seemed as if it never would end. The outlay of money necessary for its equipment would have sufficed to render a dozen such poor families as that of the journeyman tailor happy for the whole

period of their lives. Nevertheless, it was without the slightest feeling of envy that the boy gazed upon the rich of this world. But he could not help feeling acutely the roars of laughter with which the whole company greeted the poor lad, who was cowering and whimpering from the flogging he had received.

“That was a sound one,” said a policeman (who then came up): “what business had you to get into the way of his Excellency Prince Casimir?”

Poor Henry had got something from his Excellency, although not his wood!

When he related his misfortunes to his father, the latter said—“Blessed are they that suffer, for they shall be comforted.”

Night, consoler of the unhappy, came, and brought, for a series of hours, forgetfulness to the poor wretched family. They dreamt that they sat at tables of abundance and drank of the costliest wines. The poor tailor helped himself to the dearest snuff out of a gold box; his wife used half an ounce of coffee to the cup, and her daughters fancied themselves clad in most beautiful dresses and ready to start for a ball.

But dreams brought no solace to Patient Henry. Prince Casimir gave him again a lash with his whip, which took away his breath ; he would have wept, but that the wretched cough came back again. Like a stag struck by a bullet, the feeble boy sprang to his feet on his bed in a violent paroxysm ; he gasped for breath, and a succession of fits of coughing brought from his obstructed throat a sound peculiar to the complaint, which filled the hearers with anxiety and alarm.

His father, in his terror, allowed his dreamed-of golden snuff-box, with its precious contents, to escape from his grasp. He started from his sleep, and saw, by the pale light reflected from the snow upon the roof outside, his son, standing bolt upright near him in bed. To prevent him from falling, the poor man wound his arms round his slender legs. With heartrending anguish he observed his beloved son's convulsions, which he was, himself, powerless to alleviate ; he could no longer doubt that his child was attacked by that fatal plague of youth, the whooping-cough.

“ Oh, my God,” the wretched father complained, “ and Thou imposest this burthen on me also ! Oh,

if it were upon me alone, and not upon my only son, the darling of my heart, who will succumb to this dreadful malady! How gladly I would have died for him! Thou hast given me, in my time, much enjoyment, but he, hitherto, has only felt the thorns of life."

Something now dropped down darkly upon the slight white bedclothes.

"Blood!" he whispered. "That is my son's blood; some vessel in the lungs must have burst, and in a short time he will be the prey of death." His arms lost their hold in his terror, but the paroxysm was over. Henry laid himself down again by his father, quite exhausted. The latter pressed him tenderly to his heart. "Ay," he said, crying bitterly, "repose from your struggle; perhaps it will be soon over, and your reward will be heaven. Are you afraid to die, my son?"

Henry shook his head.

"I believe you, my son," his father replied, quite overcome. "Death is only dreadful to the happy; it is the friend of those who suffer. And when you have become an angel in heaven, return soon and take me with you. Without you I cannot live.

Your mother has Sally and Annie left ; and they will be able to get on very well without us."

Here he was choked by his emotion.

He threw both his arms round the child, as if, contrary to the sense conveyed by his words, he were fearful Henry would be snatched from his side. It generally happens that a man is doubly attached to an object which he is in danger of losing.

"Warm yourself against me," he said, carefully covering the child ; "warmth is the best remedy for a cough."

The father felt sleep now hopeless. He was too uneasy ; he could not rest in his bed ; he rose as quietly as he could and lighted his lamp ; he turned it upon his son, who lay on his mattress as pale as a corpse. The father examined with intense anxiety the red stains upon the coverlet, and his eyes wandered back to his son.

A gleam of hope returned to his heart. Those drops had not, it seemed (from a stain on the child's upper lip), proceeded from the lungs. Oh, Hope ! how small a place thou needest to fix thine anchor ! With new life the father cowered down in his light night-dress before the stove ; he stirred up the embers

The Consequence of a Cruel Joke. 37

with the intent to boil water and prepare some tea for the sufferer. Without heeding the cold, he kept his eyes fixed upon the kettle. Shortly afterwards he gave the boy a cup. The latter was again attacked by a fit of coughing.

“Courage ! courage !” said the father, while pouring out the tea ; “ you will not die ; the blood did not come from the lungs. God is mighty, and He is also merciful ; He does not permit us to be tried beyond our strength. He is of exceeding power ; he can do more than we can ask or understand.”

In the morning the father refused to allow Henry to go as usual to fetch the loaves ; he took the task gladly upon himself.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. BURTON'S FAMILY HAVE A SATISFACTORY
MEAL.

Mrs. BURTON had gone with her two daughters to church. It was there they derived strength and courage to support the ills and sorrows of their hard existence. The garments in which they appeared there, were, it is true, very poor, but they exhibited, at all events, to the eye neither rent nor soil. Many a rich damsel, attired in velvet and sable, looked contemptuously upon them, forgetting that they had earned their dresses by the honest labour of their hands.

Burton is, in the meantime, sitting on his sofa, and reading the Bible to his son. Then he cuts out gaudy animals of every description from a large sheet of pictures, and pastes them on small pieces of wood.

Patient Henry keeps his eyes fixed steadfastly upon his father's operations ; his features betray an

inward satisfaction, which at last finds expression in words. He tells his father of his obligations to the little girl who had restored King Solomon to him, and had made him her little present of money ; nor does he forget to mention her invitation to present himself at the house which she had mentioned, at twelve o'clock.

The story of the little benefactress shed gladness on the anxious breast of the father ; hope descended upon it like the fresh dew of morning upon the parched earth.

"Yes," said he, his countenance all radiant, "there are still some good people in the world ! Let us cling to this truth, although so many bad persons come in our way. That dear, kind child ! Ah ! that we could find some mode of showing our gratitude to her ! At all events she shall not be forgotten in our prayers. It is written in the holy volume that we should pray, implore, and return thanks for all men. Let us then pray the Almighty, both in time and in eternity, to watch over that kind and good one. But do you really wish, with that cough, to go to the house of her parents ?"

"The cough should not weigh with me," replied

Henry, "but I am afraid of the people. The same thing might take place as that which did yesterday at the distribution of wood, where I was roughly handled; or another train of sledges might come in my way."

"I would, at all events, go in your place," said his father, "if my clothing were in a condition to permit me to show myself by daylight. Your mother and sisters, too, are ashamed to go begging, although that's better than stealing. We shall see, however, what is to be done."

Henry, himself, went after all, but not without the greatest dread. He returned in half an hour; his eyes showed traces of tears, although he looked highly pleased. He bore in each hand a bundle of considerable size. His sisters fell eagerly upon them, and even his parents could not restrain their curiosity until the boy had told his story. Patient Henry could not forbear laughing to see how eight busy hands extracted bit by bit from the cover the remains of a variety of dishes.

They found a pot filled with nutritious soup, some pieces of beef and baked meat, a dish of vegetables, and half a loaf; a piece of butter, a vial of syrup

for coughs, a paper of tea, and various other little things. Whilst they were unpacking the different articles, uttering, as they did so, various exclamations of delight, Henry produced from his pocket a little paper containing three fourpenny-pieces.

"With this," said he, "we will have a fire to warm our room."

How little does it sometimes take to give a day's gladness to a poor family, and to make it forget, for once, its many days' unhappiness! The mere remembrance of such a day continues, long afterwards, to quicken and refresh the spirits of the needy.

Poor Burton now saw himself in the midst of a plenty which he had not enjoyed for years. The potent odour of the viands gave strength too, to the whole family, and they urged Patient Henry earnestly, to relate his story from the very beginning.

"Long," said he, "did I walk near the house where the parents of the little girl dwell, without having the assurance to knock at the door. I was in hopes that she might observe me from the window above and come down. But she did not. At last I stopped near the door, and there I had a fit of

coughing. Then the cook came out and asked me if I was Patient Henry. She bade me follow her, and conducted me to a very fine room, which was exceedingly warm. I found myself in the presence of a gentleman and lady, who quite upset me by their commiseration. They looked at me from head to foot. They obliged their children (I think they have four or five, and amongst them was my kind little friend of yesterday) to remain in a corner of the room, because the gentleman said the whooping-cough was infectious. Then all sorts of questions were put to me—who my parents were; how they supported themselves; what we ate; whether we had a warm room, clothes, and beds! I was obliged to tell them everything, and then the lady broke out into a lamentation over our wretchedness; which is not so great as she seemed to think it is. For we have every day our little loaves and warm coffee, a room and beds. The poor stags, and deer, and hares in the woods are obliged to make their bed in the snow, and have not even a sufficiency of hard fir-cones for their meals. How joyful would the sparrows and the crows, the jackdaws and the yellowhammers, and other birds be if they were but

half as well off! They are forced to search the whole day long in the snow to get at a few scattered grains and seed, and at night they have no covering but their own feathers, and all that they can do with them, is to ruffle them up a little."

"Yes," said his mother; "but hundreds of thousands are ten times better off than we are."

"Henry is right," said Burton, warmly. "If we wish to live contentedly with our lot, we should never compare ourselves with those who possess more than we do, but with those that possess less. But we will not contend or argue, but rather rejoice and praise God, who has done great things for us."

It was only in the sequel that they became thoroughly aware of the advantages that were to result to them from their acquaintance with the charitable little maiden and her parents. Had it not been for the nourishment and medicines provided by this family, Henry would never have been able to get over the whooping-cough. As it was, it brought him almost to the brink of the grave. When at last the cough had left him, he was a perfect shadow. His father had to raise him in his arms to lay him in bed, to carry him just as if he had been an

infant. Henry could not take a step across the room, and was obliged, a little later, to begin again to learn to walk.

In the meantime spring had returned, and had by its vivifying warmth clothed the earth with fresh verdure and with myriads of flowers. All the animals, for which Henry had expressed so much compassion, forgot the hardships they had gone through, and flew and hopped cheerily through wood and field. Henry cast a longing look out of the window whenever a beneficent beam of the sun entered his little close sick-room. Six months had passed since he had been able to leave the house, to carry for sale his balls, rattles, whips, and harlequins to the market-place.

CHAPTER V.

THE WAGER.

ONE day Henry's father carried him out for air into one of the public gardens of the town, and seated him on a sunny bank. A circle of boys, some big and some little, gathered immediately round the pale, emaciated Henry and his father. They had been attracted thither by the cry of one—"Patient Henry is seated yonder!" They fixed their eyes upon the poor child, whom no one ventured to jeer now. Grown-up people turned to look at him, and expressed themselves in terms of sympathy and commiseration with respect to his hopeless condition.

Two individuals, whom their dress denoted to be personages of distinction, passed at this moment near the bench upon which Henry was seated. The earnest conversation in which they were engaged stopped as they looked on the assemblage of

young people gathered together on this spot. One of them said, after a glance at Henry—"Let us keep away from the unpleasant sight of the dying boy on that bench!" His observation caused the other to turn, and look more attentively at the object which had given rise to the remark.

"Dying boy? perhaps, rather, a convalescent!" he replied.

"Impossible!" was the reply. "There is certain death in that cheek."

"Shall we bet about it?" said the other, with warmth.

"Prince," replied the first, with a smile, "I do not wish to make you lose your money. His look is enough to show that the boy is in a decline, and that he can only measure the time he has to live, by hours."

"What shall we bet?" cried the prince again; "I look upon the boy as a convalescent, and am confident I can, by appropriate means, metamorphose him, in a short time, into a round-cheeked, ruddy little fellow. With money one can do anything!"

"Yes," remarked the other, "everything but scare away Death from his prey. If I do not err,

it is the same child who has stationed himself every day during the last year at the corner of my house in order to sell little wares of every description. His deplorable condition rendered him quite an eyesore to me. On such a one as that, care and food would be thrown away."

"Count," said the prince, "what you say, instead of deterring me, only renders me more desirous to make the bet. It is no new thing for me to feel an interest in matters that appear hopeless to others. I maintain that if the boy is handed over to my charge (a circumstance of which I entertain no doubt) I shall be able to transform him into quite a different being. The government has paid to me to-day ten thousand pounds for cavalry horses bred upon my estates. I stake the sum against a similar number of crowns that I will set the youngster on his legs again."

"Done—done!" said the count, after having cast another scrutinizing look at the fragile and unconscious object of the wager.

"Well, then, to business!" said the prince, stepping up to Henry's father, whom he at once accosted.

"Is that lad your son?"

"Yes."

"He has been ill, has he not?"

"Yes, with the whooping-cough."

"What is your name?"

"Nicholas Burton."

"What is your business, and where do you live?"

"I am a tailor, and live at No. 391, in — lane."

"Enough," said the prince to his companion ;
"let us go now, and leave the rest to our men of business."

Henry, who had looked up on hearing the strange voice addressing his father, had again sunk back, shudderingly.

"Father," said he, in a whisper, after the stranger had gone, "that was Prince Casimir, who lashed my back with his whip."

"Indeed!" his father said gladly ; "ha ! perhaps he knew you, and intends to make amends to you for that cruel act."

Henry shook his head incredulously, whereas the father gave way to golden dreams.

That very same day the prince's lawyer went to the poor tailor's humble abode.

"My good Burton," said he, kindly, "I have news for you. Prince Casimir, whose affairs I manage, intends to take your son Henry, and to have him brought up for a period of two years. He has laid a wager, a large sum of money, that he will make him quite another being ; that he will give briskness to his movements, and health to his body. Prince Casimir has the means to make his purpose good. I do not doubt an instant that he will use the occasion to found the fortune of your boy. The prince will educate him as if he were his own son. He is a man of his word."

These words threw father, mother, and sisters, all of them, into a state of the greatest excitement from joy and surprise. The latter could hardly conceal some feeling of envy and jealousy. But Henry's countenance was troubled.

"I wont leave my father !" he murmured.

"It is but for two years," said the good lawyer ; "besides, you are to fare sumptuously every day, to live in gladness, and you are to grow fat, and your cheek to assume the ruddy hue of health."

"If I cannot be with my father," said Henry, "I shall die. Nor can I ever grow ruddy and fat un-

less my father, my mother, and my sisters do so too."

"That is well said, my good boy," observed the lawyer; "but in doing as the prince wishes, you will also contribute to your father's happiness; for I am, in that case, to pay him a considerable sum every month, that neither he nor his family may any more suffer from penury."

"Ah, how happy we are! how gracious of the prince!" cried mother and daughters, quite agitated at the good news. Henry, do not hesitate a moment, but give your consent, and be thankful."

"I shall fret to death if I cannot remain with my parents," said Henry, looking at his father with tears in his eyes.

The latter then spoke in an earnest tone.

"My son, listen to me. We cannot always live together. A thousand circumstances, which we are not allowed to control, may separate us. What would you do if death were to take from you, me or your mother? And then reflect, a boy must go out into the world and mix with men, to learn to appreciate life in all its different aspects. The gracious offer of the prince has been made to us unsolicited;

should we not, therefore, believe that it is the wise and benevolent dispensation of the Almighty, intended to rescue us from our distresses?"

"But it was the prince who lashed me across my back," repeated Henry.

"That very circumstance strengthens me in the conviction that the prince's choice has now fallen upon you by the direction of God. Our heavenly Father often subjects us to little trials in order later to visit us with greater evidence of his goodness."

"Your good father is perfectly in the right," said the lawyer. "Perhaps the prince's thoughts never would have lighted upon you at all, had not that bad hooping-cough given you such a miserable and sickly look that it attracted the attention of the two nobles. But the prince will compensate you richly, for the little pain that in his hurry he occasioned you."

"If I could only see my father and my mother occasionally, and speak to them from time to time," said Henry, giving way, "then I might not refuse."

"Your wish on that head shall, as far as possible, be fulfilled; for that you have my word," replied

the lawyer, kindly. "It is then agreed; and you belong now to the prince for a period of two years."

Patient Henry's relations were highly pleased at this arrangement, but he wept in secret many a sorrowful tear at the approaching separation.

In this respect there are many men who resemble the boy; they sorrow and lament, ignorant that God's intention is to guide them in the path of their real welfare and happiness, by the very things which they deem so hard. And, on the other hand, those very men often cannot contain themselves for joy, under circumstances in which, could they see the future, they would perceive the greatest reason for lively apprehensions.

Henry had now to submit to a searching examination of his constitution. Physicians calculated his weight, measured his height, and the circumference of his emaciated arms, legs, and body. They wrote down on paper the pallor of his countenance, his deep-set, dull eyes, the blue circle around them, the flaccidity of his limbs, the shrinking of his skin, his slouching, bent gait, with knees inclined inwards. A regular report was drawn up, containing all these

particulars. Burton had to make a formal cession for a period of two years of all his rights as a father to Patient Henry in favour of Prince Casimir. The latter, on the other hand, bound himself to allow to the tailor, Burton, a maintenance of sixty pounds, yearly. A written document was also drawn up and signed by the two who had made the bet. It contained, in precise expressions, the conditions of the wager. At last, when all the formalities had been fulfilled, the prince and count deposited the document in the secure custody of the city authorities. Then Henry was formally handed over to his new father, but not without his shedding many tears at the parting from his beloved ones at home.

The first thing that Prince Casimir did to win his bet, was to summon to his aid all the most renowned medical men in the city. They were asked their opinion as to the most speedy and effectual treatment necessary to be adopted in Henry's case.

But every doctor expressed a different opinion as to the boy's case, and at last the prince began to fear he should lose his ten thousand pounds. His head was in a whirl with all the different remedies

proposed by practitioners flocking from all the various quarters of the town.

"What shall I do, my dear fellow?" said the prince to his secretary, who had stood listening, with a smile, to the contradictory opinions of the doctors. "I am not so annoyed at the idea of losing my ten thousand pounds, as at that of affording a triumph to Count Sandomir."

"My opinion is," said the secretary, "that if your excellency really wishes at the same time, to kill the lad, and lose your wager, you should in turn follow the prescriptions of all the doctors."

"You have read my thoughts and hit my meaning," the prince replied. "Now for your advice on the contrary supposition."

"My gracious lord," replied the secretary, "in the case before us, I do not feel myself competent to suggest any decided course; but I have a friend in the city whom I have known ever since my youth, who went through a course of medical study, although he afterwards devoted himself to the profession of an instructor. He seems to me to be the man your excellency requires, and if you please——"

"Bring him to me instantly," said the prince, hastily. "Your recommendation is quite enough to make me feel confidence in the man you mention."

In half an hour the secretary had returned with his friend. The latter was a young man, in the flower of life, hardly thirty years old. Honesty of purpose beamed from his eyes. After having heard all the details of the case, he had a formal interview with Henry in the presence of the prince and his secretary. After having, in a very gentle and caressing address, calmed in some measure the boy's timidity, he asked him—

"What has hitherto been your usual breakfast?"

"A ha'penny loaf and coffee."

"And your dinner?"

"A ha'penny loaf and coffee."

"And what have you had afterwards, in the afternoon and in the evening?"

"Nothing in the afternoon; but in the evening again a ha'penny loaf and coffee."

"How many cups a day?"

"At breakfast three, at dinner four, and in the evening three more—ten altogether."

"Right—quite right. Were the loaves just baked, or of the day before."

"Early in the morning I got them from the oven, so that they were quite hot, and were still smoking as we ate them; but the rest of the day we were obliged to take them just as they were."

"Under the circumstances, the poor boy could not but present the melancholy spectacle he now does," said the surgeon; "in fact, however, he seems to possess unusual strength of constitution, otherwise he would never have been able to stand so long, all the errors of a preposterous mode of bringing up, as well as such extreme poverty. I feel sanguine, by God's assistance and the adoption of appropriate treatment, that I can cure the child, and consequently gain your excellency the wager."

"Ah!" said the prince, "you speak as I would have you do. I should feel greatly indebted to you, if you would only undertake the treatment and bringing up of the lad. I will put no obstacle in the way of your views and directions, whatever expenditure they may render necessary. I shall be very well pleased to bestow all the money that I shall win by the wager in the restoration of the poor little fellow,

and the recompense of all who may have aided me in the object I have in view."

"I shall be glad to undertake the charge of him," replied the doctor; "but it is not from motives of lucre, but from a desire to carry out your excellency's principal object, that of saving the child. Animated with these sentiments, I beg beforehand to decline any recompense for my trifling services."

"To that I cannot agree," said the prince, knitting his brow in displeasure. "I wish nothing to be done for me gratuitously, least of all, services of the nature which you intend to perform."

"Then permit me at least, your excellency," replied the professor, giving way, "although one of your most humble servants, to offer you a little bet myself. If I fail to save the child, I forfeit all claim to repayment; in the contrary case I accept at your excellency's hands any recompense you may be disposed to offer me."

"Done!" cried the prince, once more all serenity. "You have, I see, found out my weak side. Now we have both an interest in snatching the victory from Count Sandomir."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE CURE.

ON the gentle slope of a hill, the summit of which was protected from the north wind by a thick black forest, lay the pleasant house, on the estate which Professor Heine had chosen as the spot for the cure of patient Henry. It was only about twelve miles distant from the capital, and was surrounded by the most charming scenery. Rich meadows, decked with millions of flowers, fertile corn-fields, long alleys of fruit-trees in full bloom ; vineyards, with neat cottages for those who attended to them ; rocks crowned with plantations ; a broad stream flowing down tranquilly between the mountains, and bearing away on its silvery waters many a vessel with all its sails proudly spread. All formed a landscape full of animation and beauty. There was an enchanting view from the windows of Henry's new abode. The whole country lay spread out before the eye like a

picture in a frame. Honeysuckles and elders in full bloom, diffused, late and early, the most aromatic perfumes, and furnished to the buzzing communities of bees inexhaustible treasures of honey and wax. From the fir plantation above, a little streamlet, as clear as silver, bubbled over mossy stones, supplying to those who dwelt on the estate pure and limpid water, always fresh and cool, whilst its never-ending murmur hushed them to sleep.

Professor Heine, with his frail charge, occupied the first floor of the house. The bedroom, having a southerly aspect, and receiving on two sides light and air, contained only a washhand-stand, two chairs, and two bedsteads. Each of these had only a straw mattress and a hair mattress, a leather cushion filled with air, and bed-clothes, the quantity and quality of which were regulated by the season of the year.

"Early to bed and early to rise," said Professor Heine to Henry, on the first evening of their arrival; and, accordingly, both laid themselves down to their repose soon after it had struck nine. At five o'clock in the morning, Professor Heine roused his pupil, who had to bathe in cold water. Henry made wry faces at first, but later the coldest

water produced no impression upon his frame ; he felt warmed, and as it were a different boy, and the rawest weather no longer produced the slightest evil effect upon him. After washing, he drank, by the professor's direction, half a glass of water. Then the latter opened the windows in the bedroom, suffered his pupil to admire the beauty of the landscape, irradiated by the morning sun, and then, in a short prayer, but in one that came from the heart itself, glorified the power and goodness of the loving Father in Heaven, who has created the whole world, with its countless animated beings, for the enjoyment and delight of mankind.

"Little at a time, but often!" was the second counsel given by his instructor to Patient Henry. The latter had for breakfast a bowl of warm goat's milk, and a tolerable slice of nutritious bread, not, however, hot from the oven. He consumed both, at intervals, taking little walks between them. Heine also took care that the boy should not swallow too large morsels, and that he should masticate his food properly.

"In a healthy body a healthy soul should also reside. That is to say, the soul must strive to be

holy, to love good and hate evil, to be pious and God-fearing." Thus spoke the professor, and this was the spirit which he sought to infuse into Henry. But, above all he laboured to convince Henry himself of the incontestible truth, that God, in all His commandments, promises, threats, and dispensations, has the most loving and merciful objects in view towards his creatures; and, consequently, that a man, to lay the surest foundation for his own happiness, has only to obey God, who announces His will solely for the benefit of His creatures.

To display more clearly the goodness and the wisdom of the Creator, the good man turned to account all objects in creation, great or insignificant, as they presented themselves in their walks. For it was not his plan that the boy should study for hours at a time, seated in the corner of a room; but that he should read out of doors, in the free air, from the great book of nature.

Like most other sons of the earth, Henry had been in the habit of regarding the various objects around him without thought or attention, If he came suddenly upon a creature not familiar to him, and asked his father what it was, he generally

received the curt reply :—"What it is?—ill weeds—throw away the ugly beetle!—crush the loathsome worm!"

He now learnt with astonishment, that even the most insignificant and the most despised creature has its place of honour in the vast storehouse of the Creator; that nothing has been created in vain.

A new world opened to the child. The professor was glad when he had brought his pupil to the point of stopping to look at the very objects which he had before passed by, with the greatest indifference. His intelligence developed and gave fire to his eye and expression to his countenance; he even began to hold himself more upright as he grew conscious of his powers.

At twelve o'clock, Henry and his kind friend partook of nutritious, plain food with the other occupants of the farm-house; for cheerful society gives double zest to a meal and converts it into a feast of joy. In the first month of his residence here, Henry had, as a cordial, which his health was considered to require, a glass of old port wine in half a goblet of water. But as his body gained strength, it was discontinued, and henceforth his

sole drink was pure water from the fountain. After dinner, which occupied a full hour, the professor made his pupil exercise his limbs with all kinds of movements. He showed him how he should hold his head, spread out his chest, keep his back straight, and turn his feet outwards. He caused him to perform the most widely different gymnastic exercises—to climb, to run, to jump, and to do all those things which are classed under the head of Gymnastics. But walking continued to be their principal occupation. Even the most unfavourable weather did not entirely put a stop to their pedestrian exercises. At four o'clock in the afternoon, Henry had a piece of bread and ripe fruit, of whatever kind happened to be in season. At six o'clock they supped. This meal consisted sometimes of eggs boiled soft, of bread pudding, soup, or bread and butter. An hour and more then passed rapidly in playful and instructive conversation, or Henry, under his instructor's inspection, engaged in some active game in the open air, with the children of the farmer. When it was over the professor conducted his pupil to his room, where he was required to give an account of how he had spent his day. And Herr

Heine brought to his observation and remembrance what new benefits he had had to thank his heavenly Father for, and pointed out how God's providence had guarded him from the misfortunes which might have happened to him, and concluded with an earnest prayer of thanksgiving. The boy then betook himself to his couch, where he usually enjoyed a sound, refreshing slumber.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VISITS.

SCARCELY four weeks had flown by since Herr Heine had taken upon himself his office of surveillance, when one day clouds of dust, seen at a little distance, announced the rapid approach of a carriage. It was a lovely morning in May, and about eleven o'clock. The professor was just returning from a walk with his young charge. His presentiment did not deceive him. The handsome carriage of Prince Casimir dashed up, drawn by four thorough-breds. It suddenly stopped before the house, and the prince, accompanied by his secretary, got out.

Patient Henry grew pale when he recognised him, and began to tremble. His instructor was far from being glad to see this; for what opinion must the prince conceive of his art, if he noticed that the boy was in such an agitation? Although Herr Heine kindly encouraged him, the lad found it still

impossible to master his emotion, and consequently did but little honour to his tutor's treatment.

"And how does your hot-house plant get on?"

Such were the hasty words with which the prince, after a glance at the embarrassed Henry, greeted his guardian.

"It is getting gradually accustomed, your excellency, to the open air, and learning to derive strength therefrom."

"Does it promise to do well?" continued the prince. "To judge from appearances I should say not."

"Your excellency," replied the professor, quietly, "will, I am sure, admit that the evil of so many years cannot be remedied in a few weeks."

"No, no," said the prince, "there I am perfectly of your opinion. Are you still sanguine that we shall win our wager?"

"The chances are better," Herr Heine replied, "inasmuch as the patient is at least not worse, or I should rather say, on the contrary, has made actual progress, however imperceptible to the eye."

"I am glad of that, both on your account and the boy's," replied the prince. He now turned to

Henry and asked, "How do you find yourself, my son? Are you capable of exertion? Do you like to be here? You enjoy your meals, do you not? You must eat and drink to pick up your strength; do you hear?"

Henry, disconcerted more and more by these rapid inquiries, grew still paler, just opened his lips and stammered forth a few words hardly audible.

"I see," said the prince, smiling, "you are true to your name—still Patient Henry. So continue—but do not let that prevent you from becoming stout and ruddy Henry."

So saying he left the boy standing, and said to his guardian—

"Let the lad have as much chocolate, nourishing broths, roast fowl, game, and strong wine as he can consume. That is the diet to make him stout and sturdy. Don't harass him with books or fatigue him with bodily exercises. The goose that one wishes to fatten, one shuts up in some confined place, or keeps in some dark cellar, where there is nothing to disturb, or prevent its digestive organs from performing their functions."

A reply was on the tip of Herr Heine's tongue

which would not probably have been very agreeable to the prince, but a friendly sign of the secretary made him close his half-open mouth. He made a low bow to the prince, and said—

“Your excellency may rest assured that I will neglect no means to attain the wished-for object with the boy.”

“Of that I need no assurance,” replied the prince. “Do not let the question of expense stand in your way. I will pay everything, and give you full authority to obtain all necessary things.”

He was pleased, thereupon, to examine personally the household arrangements, and to listen to a detailed account of Henry's treatment.

“That view is not bad,” he said, casting a glance at the window, and the paradise that lay beyond. “The site of the house seems to be very healthy; but in spite of all it must be very tedious to live here. I should not survive a four-weeks' residence in this spot. I am conscious how great is the sacrifice that you are making for me, and shall make a note of it. You should keep a carriage and horses, that you may be able to make excursions to a dis-

tance. I have enough equipages ; and place one at your service."

The professor thanked the prince for the kind favour, and promised, should a carriage be required, to take advantage of his offer. After the prince had been there about an hour he drove away, and paid no second visit. The professor was called upon to furnish him from time to time with written reports of the child's progress.

Three months had passed away; the corn was ripe and golden, and ready for the sickle. There did not exist a single hamlet in the neighbourhood that Henry had not already visited with his instructor, and rendered himself familiar with. The earthy hue of his complexion existed still, his body had lost nothing of its thinness, but it was impossible not to admit how appropriate was the treatment at present adopted, when one saw how he grew in strength. He could take walks of greater length, support the changes of the weather, work within doors, and make even more strenuous exertions, without feeling them a labour or fatigue.

Early one morning Henry had brought home

from his walk a large bouquet of blue corn-flowers. Whilst he was about to weave them into a garland, with the assistance of the farmer's children, he was suddenly startled by hearing the sound of carriage wheels.

Thinking it was the prince again, he turned pale, and wanted to leave his seat; but how delighted he was when the door opened and he saw his parents and sisters enter.

Now it was easy to perceive the change for the better in the boy. Three months before he would have risen slowly from his chair, and crawled up to his parents. Now chaplet and flowers flew away, and he ran hastily forwards with outstretched arms, exclaiming aloud, "My father! my mother!" His countenance was flushed with joy, and the tears stood in his eyes. His parents, with emotion, clasped to their hearts the son whom they had not seen for so long. His sisters tenderly embraced their brother, now doubly beloved, for had they not to thank him for their present easy condition and their day's enjoyment. To augment still further the general tumult and gladness, other friendly faces made their appearance; the owners greeted with cordiality



Arrival of Henry's Father and Mother.

Patient Henry, who had at last found a voice. These last comers were Herr Willesen, his wife, and children, who had all arrived in a second carriage. Henry was glad to recognise a familiar face amongst them—that of his first and most zealous little friend Therese, who had not yet forgotten her protégé.

Henry, whether he liked it or not, was requested to speak much, and loudly too. He had to reply to countless questions respecting his health, his mode of living, occupations, and amusements.

Herr Heine was a pleased witness of the animation that Henry now displayed for the first time. He it was, perhaps, who had arranged and planned this double visit. After the first tumult of joy was over, the professor invited all his guests to accompany him to the garden which lay in front of the house.

They did so, and found there upon a large lawn, dry to the foot, which had been mown a few days before, a long table set out with benches on every side. Each guest had his place pointed out to him, and an immense china jug was brought full of boiling chocolate, and a large dish piled with sweet biscuits. Henry had never tasted anything in his life

so good. Whilst he was enjoying these delicacies, his father, who was seated opposite to him, said—

“ Henry, I have brought with me an old acquaintance for you. Look !”

Saying these words, he drew out of his pocket a halfpenny loaf, and surprised Henry by handing it to him, smiling as he did so.

This droll incident added to the general merriment. Henry felt he ought to eat a bit of the loaf, but confessed aloud that it did not taste as nice as chocolate and biscuit, an admission that he certainly would not have made three months before. Nevertheless, the very sight of that bread agitated him ; for it recalled to his mind in what distress he and his family had formerly been. What great cause there was for him to congratulate himself ! He evinced his sense of this by casting a look full of thankfulness to heaven, and then upon Theresa and the professor, who had been sent by Almighty God so providentially to his rescue. He thought even of Prince Casimir with affection, under the influence of his heartfelt gratitude.

Leaving the elders of the party to drink to the

health of his excellency, Theresa drew Henry away, and said to him—

“Do show us what you have here nice to see.”

Her two brothers joined in the request, and urged the boy to comply. The latter, however, first asked and obtained permission from his guardian.

The time passed till noon in conversation, strolling about, and in resting. Herr Heine's attention was roused by hearing the sound of the next village church clock; he looked at his own watch, and begged the company to return with him to the house. They soon reached it; more quickly indeed than they had reached the extent of their walk. They found the tables ready laid in the open air. Dishes, plain indeed, but well cooked, furnished them with an excellent meal, to which hunger, moderation, and cheerfulness gave great relish. Whilst they eat, their eyes were delighted by the lovely landscape which stretched before them. The most gorgeous banqueting-rooms of kings and princes were nothing in comparison. On the azure ceiling of this dining-room floated white clouds, ever giving place to fresh ones. The distant horizon was bordered by the indented ridges of lofty mountains, whose soft blue

outlines stretched away one beyond another; contrasting with those darksome masses, the white and swelling sails of vessels going with the stream stood out well-defined. The river itself, with its glittering waters, resembled a monstrous silver girdle that attached itself to the windings of its banks.

"This picture is not always as tranquil as it is now," said Herr Heine to his admiring guests; "it is indeed generally far more animated. The land under cultivation is covered with industrious country people; a lowing is heard, and the cattle issue forth to their pasturage; a tinkling of bells, and bark of guardian dogs, and one sees hundreds of white sheep browsing on every piece of waste land. Certainly the country is beautiful, however dull Prince Casimir may please to style it."

"Yes, but the winter! the winter!" suggested the lady. "Ah! if there were no such thing as winter!"

"The winter is not so bad a season as you perhaps think," said her host. "It is true we have neither plays nor balls to look forward to; but for that very reason we draw closer to each other and wile away the time in relating interesting stories, and in not disagreeable manual occupations. We pay visits and

receive our friends, and even in her winter dress, Nature offers us many an amusement of which the denizen of cities has no suspicion."

"Ah! I have a suspicion myself," said the lawyer, smiling, and pointing to a cloud rising from the south, "that we may not escape a wetting, unless we soon start for our home. A half hour and more will be gone before the horses are put to and we have taken our formal leave of each other, so I think we had better get ready at once."

Henry looked at his instructor with entreaty in his eyes. He said—

"The wind-spider does but prognosticate wind."

"And that cloud the rain," added the lawyer. "Both may be right, for wind and rain often go together."

Henry now began to remember many questions that he had wished to put to his parents and sisters, and the latter remembered also many things respecting which they had wished to question their brother. But necessity has no law, and they were obliged to separate. Nothing but the lawyer's assurance, that they would all soon repeat their visit, alleviated their sorrow at parting.

Henry embraced them all, one after another. He would have preferred returning with his parents in the carriages; but he did not express the longing, which the recollection of his lost puppets and playthings contributed much to aggravate. With tears in his eyes he bade his family adieu.

The lawyer, whose carriage again brought up the rear, called from it to the professor—

“I shall not fail to mention to Prince Casimir, in how fair a way he is to win his wager. Present appearances prove that in you he possesses the best guarantee of success.”

Herr Heine bowed his thanks, and said—

“The results of all human undertakings are in the hand of God. May He, for the poor boy’s sake, crown our efforts with success. Adieu !”

The carriage drove off, and Henry returned, sorrowfully, with his instructor to the house, in which the silence of death seemed now to reign.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TEMPTER.

HENRY went about as if he were in a dream. This lasted two days. If his instructor told him anything, he kept his eyes fixed upon him, but this did not deceive the former, who was aware that his pupil's mind was elsewhere. The child had again become sparing of his words—the Patient Henry, in fact, of former days, who stood aloof from other boys and sought solitude. The change did not escape the professor's observation, but he said nothing until one day he saw the lad after a long walk go with a glass to the stream. "Henry," he called after him, "what are you going to do?"

"I only want to drink," replied the boy.

"And to kill yourself, you should add!" continued his friend. "Come to me, Henry."

The latter obeyed, and his instructor said to him: "Have you any affection for me, dear child?"

"Yes, most certainly," he replied, adding emphasis to his assertion by laying his hand upon his heart.

"I cannot help doubting it," replied Herr Heine ; "you were just upon the point of making me feel poignant suffering."

"I?" stammered Henry.

"Yes, you," said the tutor ; "you were about to destroy my dearest hopes, render all my cares for you without result, and deprive me of the fruit of all my labours. Do not gaze at me with such astonishment ! You were upon the point of showing the blackest ingratitude to Prince Casimir, who is not only your benefactor and my own, but your parents' also ; you would have plunged the latter again in sorrow and poverty, and you would have committed a sin against me, against the prince, against your parents, against God himself, for without your Creator's leave you cannot throw away the life that he has accorded to you. What do we wish, and for what are we all striving ? For your health and your happiness. And just now you were upon the point of sacrificing both irretrievably. And how ? by a single glass of water ! Oh ! some-

times only a trifle is required to destroy a man's health, and to annihilate the long, long care and attention of attached parents and instructors. What was it that gave you that dangerous hooping-cough, and nearly occasioned your death? What, but the inconsiderate joke of a boy who hid your boots! But that is no reason why we should trifle with our health. However, let us hope that even your present thoughtlessness may turn to your advantage, always supposing that it renders you henceforth more attentive to, and careful of yourself."

"I will not do it again!" said Henry, quite ashamed.

"Many a time have I warned you against drinking when in a heat," replied Herr Heine, "and you would certainly not have forgotten it, had you not, ever since your parents' visit, been wandering about as in a dream. I have been greatly grieved to observe this. I hoped that the sight of your parents would give you pleasure and act as a stimulus to you to try to give me satisfaction, so that I might be able to procure you the same pleasure a second time. But under the altered circumstances, I must think of this no more."

"Ah! do not say so," replied Henry, with tears in his eyes; "I will never again be disobedient."

"Your disobedience," said the professor, "arises only from want of power over yourself. You were unable to prevent yourself from thinking of your parents, and who knows what other secret source of joyful reflection? But this ought not to be so. Our whole life is a struggle with our own inclinations and desires, as well as with the temptations of other men. To offer a firm and earnest resistance, strength and energy are requisite. These a man only acquires, by constant exercise in self-denial, which he must practise occasionally with respect to things in the enjoyment of which he may partake without any sin on his own part. Supposing, for instance, that you were thirsty, and not at all in a heat, you can say to yourself, "I will wait a quarter of an hour longer to enable me to abstain when I may be compelled to do so."

One day the professor was about to take his customary walk with his pupil to the wood. They had even advanced together to a distance of about two hundred paces from the house, when the tutor recollected that he wanted his hammer that he might

break and examine any stones which they might meet with during their walk. He directed Henry, therefore, to proceed slowly on his way, whilst he returned to the house, promising that he would immediately come back and follow his track.

Henry continued to mount and mount; then he halted, and looked back to see if his friend was coming, but he was not in sight. In this manner he reached by degrees the woods and the cave in the rock; he placed himself upon the seat and hummed a merry tune. Then he stopped abruptly, and cried out joyfully, "Here, Herr Heine—here I am!" for his ear had caught the sound of hasty steps approaching. But he became dumb with alarm when he beheld two strange men's faces at the entrance of the cave; they regarded him with curious eyes.

"That is the boy!" said one of them; and he pointed to the disconcerted child, wiping away as he did so the perspiration that his exertion in toiling up the mountain had caused to stream from his bloated copper-coloured countenance. "His appearance has nothing particular!" he continued to say, whilst he was panting for breath.

The other measured with scrutinizing glance the

whole form of Henry, who was desirous enough that his instructor should come up. He was overcome with an indefinable alarm and anxiety.

"Are you the Patient Henry who is to be made robust and ruddy?" said the second man; whose countenance was stern and forbidding.

The boy made no answer; then came a second question—

"How are you getting on?"

"Thank you, I am well," muttered Henry, in a tone almost inaudible.

"Really?" said the man, mockingly. "You seem to me, however, as pale as a Parmesan cheese; neither do you appear to have a superabundance of flesh."

Henry was again reduced to silence by this; his eyes eagerly searching for Herr Heine.

"Have you breath and strength enough to climb up the mountain?" said the other, continuing his scrutiny.

"Oh, yes!" replied Henry; and he got up from his seat to quit the cave and escape the company of the strangers.

"Why don't you stop where you are?" said the

man of forbidding aspect. "Whither away so fast? Where do you want to go?"

"To my instructor," replied Henry, attempting to get past them.

"Listen to good counsel," the other continued, barring his passage. "Your father has sent me here to inquire after your health, and whether you like to remain here? When he was here the other day, there were too many persons about you for him to have an opportunity to put the question. He could not, consequently, speak with you without restraint. Tell me, then, how you really are? Does your crabbed master rule you with a rod of iron? Speak out; I'm your friend, and will protect you, in case he should contemplate ever venting his anger upon you."

"Herr Heine is very kind to me," said Henry, almost indignantly.

"Hum!" said the man; "that is because he finds it to his interest to be so. But he keeps you strictly enough, does he not? He forbids you many an innocent pleasure?"

"Oh, no!" replied Henry; "he only forbids my drinking cold water when I am heated."

"Ah! there it is," said the man. "Just when one is thirstiest, and when water tastes nicest, he keeps it from the poor lad. Listen! You have no occasion to tell your taskmaster when you want to drink, or to enjoy any other little pleasure. It is not requisite that he should be informed of everything. Have you nothing else upon your mind?—no other wish?—no ardent longing?"

Henry could not help thinking of his princess and Solomon, and of the quiet corner in his father's abode, where once he had been only too happy to sit and play; but he did not give voice to his thoughts; he replied by a shake of his head.

This did not seem to be the answer the man wanted: his features became still more repulsive, and he bit his lips angrily. Then he said—

"Henry! I leave you to this man," and he pointed to the man with the fiery face—"I leave you to his protection. He is the landlord of the red public-house in the adjoining village. Have recourse to him in case of need. Don't suffer yourself to be driven into a corner by that musty professor, but hold your own against him. We will soon protect you from him. But mind and take

care you say nothing about us, nor about our having come hither, to any one, not even to Herr Heine, or the lawyer, or even to your parents. They wish that everything should be managed with the greatest secrecy, as otherwise Prince Casimir would conceive suspicion and would withdraw his succouring hand from you and them. So, whist! is the word, or it will be worse for you!"

These words were accompanied by a look that made Henry tremble.

The strangers withdrew hastily on hearing the voice of a boy crying in the wood, "Henry! Henry!" It was that of Godfrey, who came to fetch Henry, as Herr Heine was detained by affairs of importance.

As they were on their way, the man with the forbidding countenance said to his asthmatic companion—

"So far, my master has no cause to apprehend losing his wager. The lad looks still terribly thin and ill. However, it is much to say that he has not been dead long ago. When the wager was first made, no one could have foreseen that he would live a fortnight. As far as I am concerned, he may remain alive; but still it would not be a bad thing

if our measures and precautions keep him in a very delicate state of health. For the present that is your affair, and you will be well paid for it."

"I will take care of that," replied the other ;
"you may rely upon me," and they disappeared on the other side of the wood.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW COMERS.

WHEN Henry entered the courtyard he was surprised by seeing a carriage standing there. The horses had just been unharnessed. He thought that Prince Casimir had arrived; the very thought made his heart beat violently. But on closer examination he distinguished the carriage of the lawyer, whom, in fact, he found, with his two sons, Robert and Edward, upon the point of entering the drawing-room.

The lawyer came kindly to meet him, shook hands with him, and said—

“ Here we are again, my young friend. I have brought you two comrades, whom the good professor has promised to bring up just as he is bringing you up. They are the greatest treasures that God has given me. Still I leave them confidently in the

hands of your honest guardian, for I do not know that I should be able to find so good an instructor elsewhere. Look upon one another as brothers, and behave as such. Never neglect any occasion to show how you respect Herr Heine, your second father, and how obedient and grateful you intend to be to him."

By their father's direction, Robert and Edward now gave their hands to Henry, promising ever to remain his good friends. The same action and promises were repeated by Henry. Then the two newcomers set their things—which the coachman had left in the professor's drawing-room—in order. The lawyer in the meantime was engaged in settling some matters of importance with the professor.

"I must tell you, Herr Heine," said the former, in the course of the conversation, "that the two who made the wager, Prince Casimir and Count Sandomir, are no longer in the capital; they are both roving about amongst the most fashionable baths of Germany, for they find it impossible to remain long in one place. Unless one pastime follows another in the most rapid succession, and unless one amusement chases another, they are victims to

the most terrible ennui: rather than bear it, they are content to lavish upon their pleasures very large sums of money. The most expensive kind of pastime is the fatal love of play. They are said to have recently lost large sums at it, particularly Count Sandomir—an additional reason why it will be very important for the latter to win his wager, which would give him ten thousand pounds. I should, however, like to know whether he is aware that Henry is now in a more hopeful condition. Have you learnt nothing on that point? Have you received no visit having that inquiry for its object?"

"None!" replied the professor. "I have taken care to select this lovely and secluded retreat with that very object in view, to escape all improper meddling on the part of the curious or the wicked. This spot is known to the prince, to you and your family, to Henry's, and to no others; it is not likely that any of you would spread abroad, without necessity, this little secret."

"I can answer for my family," replied the lawyer, "for they do not even know the name of the adjoining village. The only betrayer you have to dread is the hasty prince."

"I dread nothing," replied Herr Heine, with a smile, "for I do not proceed by a suspicious path. As far as I am concerned, the whole world may know where Patient Henry is sent to recover his lost health."

Henry had heard this conversation. He felt a secret uneasiness. He thought he ought to inform his guardian of the appearance of the two strange men; yet, when he thought of their menaces, and how they had asserted that his father had sent them, he could not open his lips. Still, it all made him feel very uncomfortable. If the boy had had more experience of the world, he would have at once seen how wrong he was to conceal the meeting from his instructor. For when one is dissatisfied with oneself and tormented by uneasiness of mind, it is a sure sign of having committed some fault.

As the lawyer was in a great hurry, he could not remain long. He did not even stay to dine; but, having given a paternal exhortation to his sons, and kissed them affectionately, he departed.

Robert and Edward gazed after their father with tears in their eyes. They felt, all at once, so lonely and abandoned, that their hearts seemed as if they

would break. This did not escape Herr Heine's observation ; he considered it but natural. He therefore gave them a few words of consolation, and strove to calm them with the hope of soon seeing their beloved parents again. But he found his efforts produced just the contrary effect to that which he intended. The boys' sorrow only burst out the more violently. He tried, consequently, another expedient. He and his pupils dined in company with the farmer's whole family. Not a single word was spoken respecting the lawyer, and his dejected sons had each a glass of good wine. To weaken its effect, and to amuse the children, Herr Heine, an hour after the dinner was over, took with the three a long walk into the adjoining village. He really succeeded in bringing the two children to a more cheerful state of mind by lively pictures of the charms of the surrounding country, and by apt and droll stories which he contrived to interweave into his description. But Henry's restlessness only increased as they drew near to the red tavern, which had been described to him. Every moment he expected to behold the two dreaded faces make their appearance from the door, which stood wide open. And the

landlord, with the copper face, did really shew himself, but still in no very formidable manner. On the contrary, as Herr Heine was passing the tavern, he politely raised his cap from his head, and greeted the children with a smile, a circumstance which greatly diminished Henry's alarm. The little band passed after having acknowledged the salute, and the landlord retreated again into his house.

The evening was tolerably far advanced when the young boys, tired out, reached their abode. They ate with good appetite the repast laid before them, and afterwards whiled away a little time in the perfumed summer-house. But as all out of doors grew more and more still, and night began to brood over wood and field, when the crickets commenced their monotonous chirrup in the grass, and the evening bell sent its melancholy sound on the air, the sorrows of the two children (almost orphans as they regarded themselves) burst out afresh, and with redoubled violence. It required all their efforts to suppress loud sobs.

The Professor did not allude to it, but said quietly, "Before we betake ourselves to our repose, my dear children, I will tell you a story that actually hap-

pened to me formerly. I once gave instruction in a very rich family—one, indeed, of distinction. They had only one son, and I cannot tell you how they loved him. Afraid to lose their sole treasure, they guarded him with the most anxious care from all that might prove in the slightest degree prejudicial to his health. His mother's apartment, in which I gave him his lessons, was protected during the winter months by every possible precaution against the cold. There were double glass windows, and a thick carpet over the floor, a screen before the door, to prevent the slightest amount of air from entering; these were not the only precautions taken, for the room was well warmed, and the boy sat there with a comforter twisted round his neck, worsted stockings, and felt shoes drawn over his boots. If he wished to visit his father in his room, which was divided from his mother's by another in which there was no fire, his head had to be enveloped in a large woollen wrapper; at the very same instant a servant opened the two doors on the opposite side of the intervening room, and the boy darted like an arrow shot from a bow through the cold room, to reach, as quickly as possible, his father's warm one. If there was any

wind, though the weather itself might be fine, or if the ground was a little moist from rain, the poor boy was not allowed to go out on foot, but was only permitted to take a drive in a well-closed carriage.

“Notwithstanding all this care, there perhaps did not exist another child who throve so ill. His countenance was earthly coloured, his eyes dull, his flesh flabby; and, although the prince's surgeon paid him daily visits and wrote many a long prescription, the patient grew more and more delicate. When another preceptor had replaced me in my office, and my services were no longer required, I left him with poignant regret, and the misgiving that his life could not by any possibility be of any long duration. How agreeably was I surprised when a few years later I beheld my former pupil in the uniform of a soldier! I could hardly trust my eyes; he stood before me as a man in the flower of his age and strength, his cheeks were full, and his flashing eyes met my astonished look with a smile. I learnt from him that a change so much to his advantage, so immeasurably different from what he had formerly been, was owing entirely to an altered

mode of living, Now he slept in a room where there was no fire, or a bed not warmed, having nothing upon it but a mattress, bolster, and coverlet; he washed in icy water, bathed in the cold river, only wore cotton socks in winter, and went out in all weathers. He forgot altogether what was meant by cold, cough, sore-throat, fever, and want of appetite. In short, he fully strengthened me in the belief that an over delicate treatment of the body is one of the bitterest enemies of our health. Happy the man who becomes wise not at his own expense, but by the example of others."

The professor closed here his brief account. He then told his pupils, after they had said their evening prayer, to go to their bedroom. They did so, and were soon all fast asleep.

Herr Heine had his motives for telling the children that story. This was evident as soon as they rose the next morning. Each of them found his washhand-stand ready, containing basin, jug of fresh water, glass, sponge, and soap.

"Henry," said the professor, "now shew your young friends how we usually wash."

Henry pulled down his shirt below his shoulders,

placed a towel before it to prevent it getting wet, and began to wet his face, neck, back, chest, and arms as far as his hands could reach. Whilst he was drying himself, Robert and Edward were to imitate what they had just seen; but they seemed inclined to jump out of their skins as soon as the water reached those parts of their bodies not familiar with such applications. They sobbed, trembled, their teeth chattered, and they cried out loudly. At last they implored, with tears, that they might be spared such austere treatment.

“Children!” said Herr Heine, smiling, “you do not mean to say that you are afraid of a few drops of water, which, knowing that you were unused to it, I took care should not be so cold as ordinary? Remember the story of the pampered child I told you of yesterday. But I see that I must help you in your battle with your weak flesh; but you will not long need my aid.”

He seized the sponge which he had previously plunged in the water, and bathed the boys, in spite of their lamentations and shrieks, until the process had been gone through, and they were forced to laugh at their own silliness. But the laugh soon

came to an end when they saw placed before them for breakfast some warm goat's-milk and a piece of dry bread. Without having tasted it, Robert declared that he could not eat it.

"How can you speak so foolishly?" said Herr Heine; "you know not yet how the milk tastes; and, even supposing that its taste first went against you, that is still more the case with most medical remedies, and yet we must learn to reconcile ourselves to them, and to gulp them down in order to recover our health. Goat's-milk is however really for the frames of the young a wholesome drink, and one which has proved its efficacy in the case of Henry here. Obey, Robert, and at least taste the milk."

"I cannot, really," he persisted, shuddering at the very odour.

"I am convinced," said Herr Heine, "that were I to tell you to do so, you would habituate yourself to the injurious practice of smoking, although the human frame shows at first the most violent repugnance and disgust, and even so far as to feel nausea. But vanity and the aping of the fashionable world overcome all obstacles, so that it is made a matter

of reputation to puff away one's money in a blue vapour. Why, then, will you not also strive to conquer your repugnance where you have an advantage at stake? But this is what ordinarily happens; a man is rather inclined to do evil than good; a thief does not scruple to pass a whole long winter night in the open air, watching a favourable moment to effect his purpose, although he may not gain thereby in the end a single penny. But if he had to leave a warm bed to aid in extinguishing a fire, or to rescue one of his fellow-creatures from a peril that threatened his life, he would soon beg to be excused. Now I have no intention to pour that goat's milk down your throat in spite of your aversion, but you will have no other substitute but mere water."

Whilst he was saying this Edward had quietly swallowed his milk, and stood now with enchanted face near his brother, who persisted in his obstinacy, and turned up his nose at the bread and milk. Herr Heine took care that he should now have no access to any other nutriment. The consequence was that by dinner-time he became ravenous, and he found that meal extraordinarily well flavoured. The

morning after, Robert ate his dry bread quite submissively, and at the end of a week drank his goat's milk too. Herr Heine acted with respect to the other meals as he did with respect to the breakfast. If the two boys did not like a dish, they had no other as a substitute, and were obliged to leave the table hungry. At the next meal they had the dish they had rejected now warmed up a second time, and they were so hungry that they assailed it at once. Thus it was that the pampered stomachs of the new pupils learnt to support every kind of meat.

The professor instructed them as he did Henry, principally during their walks ; but, as they were not so delicate as he was, they also studied in the house.

Henry passed those intervals in his garden, or upon the pleasant slope of the hill.

CHAPTER X.

TEMPTATIONS.

ONE day the farmer's wife, finding she had not the eggs required for preparing supper, told her children to go and get them from the adjoining village.

"Henry!" cried Godfrey to his friend, who had then an unoccupied hour, "come with me—we are going to fetch some eggs."

"May I go?" said he to his instructor, who was looking out of a window, and had overheard the conversation.

"If you promise me to be careful that you get into no harm," replied Herr Heine.

Henry walked away cheerily with his companions. When they had reached the first house in the village, the Red Tavern, Godfrey asked the hostess, who was standing at the door—

"Can we have a dozen eggs?"

"I will go and see," she said. "Come in, children."

Henry, who had not yet ceased to feel a dread of the landlord, would have preferred remaining outside; but he was induced by the persuasion of the woman and of his companions to enter the house. The host gave him a friendly reception. Whilst the woman went after the eggs, the man began to compassionate them.

"You poor children, you have got yourselves into a nice heat. I must give you a cool draught. Which will you have—beer or milk? Mind, I do not want you to pay me," he continued, with a smile, when he saw the silent perplexity of the children. "I will bring both!" he said, and he went down to the cellar.

"Shall you drink?" said Godfrey to Patient Henry, when the man had left the room.

"On no account," he replied: "I have not yet forgotten the severe lecture Herr Heine lately gave me for having wanted to drink when I was heated."

"Oh," said Godfrey, "he has not his eyes upon us now, and I will never tell tales."

"It is all the same," replied Henry; "he explained to me quite clearly how drinking a cold draught may bring a man to death's door; and he wishes me well, I know."

"As for me," said the thoughtless Godfrey, "I intend to have some beer. I can get milk for the asking, but I cannot get a draught of beer so easily."

"If you drink," said Henry, resolutely, "I renounce my friendship for you, and I will tell Herr Heine and your parents. Do not do so, I entreat you—for your health's sake do not."

"Oh, you hateful talebearer!" said Godfrey.

"Jeer at me if you like," replied Henry; "only do not drink, for I will keep my word, and our friendship will be at an end."

His threat took effect so far, that when the landlord returned with a large supply of milk and of beer, and pressed the children to drink, the three little boys all refused.

"Why will you not drink?" asked the base landlord, with surprise.

"Henry has forbidden it," grumbled Godfrey;

"he says he will tell our father and mother, if we drink."

"The little sneak!" said the landlord, angrily; "and why do you spurn my good-will, my good milk, and my good beer?"

"Herr Heine has assured me," replied Henry, "that to drink when heated, brings death with it."

"Your Herr Heine is a precious wiseacre," replied the landlord, scornfully; "he is an old fellow, who will not let children have any enjoyment. I tell you that to drink when heated can do no harm when one follows it up with a dram such as I will give you, and then keeps afterwards in movement."

This artful speech made Godfrey waver. But Henry, whose firmness never failed him, kept his eye fixed upon him, and it was so full of entreaty and menace, that he dared not disregard the prohibition of his friend.

The wicked landlord, seeing his plan defeated by Henry's firmness, and that the latter was no longer in the heated state necessary to his views, resorted to another expedient.

Making an effort to smoothe over his angry brow, he now said—

“Have you seen my Polish pony which I recently bought at the horse-fair? It is a nice little animal, which I have procured for my children to ride.”

He then fetched the little creature out of the stable, and exhibited it, to the delight of the boys, and particularly of Godfrey, who would have liked himself to be the owner. The landlord led the pony up and down before the house, and allowed the farmers' boys one after another to mount it, and to ride round him in a circle, retaining, however, the reins always in his own hands. It was famous sport for the children, who soon forgot all about the eggs and their returning home. Even Henry looked smilingly on.

“Come here, you little obstinate fellow,” said the landlord to him at last, “I do not intend to return evil for evil;” and he dragged Henry towards the pony without paying any attention to his expostulations. “What! have you less courage than the little ones there?” he said, pointing to Godfrey's younger brothers. “The pony is quite a lamb; besides, I do not intend to let go my hold of him.”

The other children laughed at Henry's fright, and so jeered and persuaded him, that he at last suffered himself to be lifted upon the pony, and to have his feet fastened in the stirrups—a measure which the landlord had not adopted with the other children. After he had made the animal run twice round at a pace becoming more and more rapid, he suddenly let go the reins, and gave the poor boy up to the will of the creature he rode. The latter was soon converted from the aforesaid lamb into a furious brute. Whether it was owing to the well-known savage nature of that small Polish race of horses, or that the landlord really inserted his lighted pipe into the nostril of the animal, as Henry thought he saw him do, the creature became furiously unmanageable—reared up, struck out first with his fore feet and then with his hind ones—sprang up with all his feet at once off the ground, and then rushed madly round at a pace fearful to see. The little spectators crowded shrieking into the house; the landlord seemed to want to render the animal still more furious, for he kept shouting out and running in its way without making, as one would have thought he would have done, any attempt to seize the reins.

Who can describe the state in which poor Henry was? He almost lost all consciousness; but even in this extremity he was true to his character. Although as pale as a corpse—in a tremor, and convinced that he was riding to certain death, no cry escaped his lips in spite of his alarm.

“Jump down,” the landlord kept calling to him, in the wicked hope, as he had himself, purposely, attached his feet firmly to the stirrups, that if the boy attempted to get off he would remain hanging by them, and that the horse would then drag him on. Henry, however, fortunately for him, did not follow his counsel. In his agony he twisted his hands into the long mane of the creature, whilst his legs clung like screws to its flanks. The boy sat, it is true, like a misshapen lump of dough on the back of the furious little Pole; but, in spite of all his caprioles and his vaultings, the latter could not succeed in throwing his rider. The latter went through his heroic trial as well as any knight, “sans peur et sans reproche.” By degrees the pony’s fury expended itself, and discovering how vain his efforts were, he stood there at last again as quiet as a lamb.

The landlord vented his anger at this second ill success in a host of angry expressions, throwing the whole blame of the misadventure upon the awkwardness of the little rider. He promised never again to trouble himself about the stupid boy, and kept on scolding him all the time he was helping him to extricate his feet from the stirrups and to dismount.

Henry did not say a single word. He looked like a corpse, trembled terribly, felt quite exhausted, and staggered from the spot in silence. He had felt such an internal consciousness of having done right in having withstood his first temptation! and now he reproached himself bitterly, and had to expect censure from his guardian too, although he might say with truth that he had been almost forced into the saddle.

The little party followed him in a state of agitation.

"Do not fear," said Godfrey, trying to comfort him; "we won't say anything to Herr Heine. We are not like you, who tell everything."

A struggle was going on in Henry's mind; his first thought was whether he should tell Herr Heine what had occurred, or not. Godfrey's words had a

different effect from that which he had intended. When Henry returned home, he related, with his eyes on the ground, everything as it had occurred to his good instructor, whom it threw into a state of great alarm.

His first step was to examine Henry carefully, to convince himself that he had sustained no corporal injury. When he was satisfied of the contrary, he gave the boy, who had not yet got over his fright, a little wine. He then took care to address to him words of commendation and paternal exhortation. "Henry," said he, "you see now, by your own experience, how God himself makes the faults and sins of His creatures the instruments of His good purposes. Had you not recently wanted to drink when heated, and consequently received from me a command not to do so, it is certain that you would to-day have committed the fatal imprudence of taking a draught of cold beer, or a still more hazardous one of cold milk. I feel rejoiced that you continued firm, and withstood that temptation so well and victoriously. Man can do much, if he will but try ! I do not count your having mounted the pony a fault, for your natural timidity alone prevented your

offering a stalwart resistance to the ignorant landlord. The latter must be either a very thoughtless or a very wicked man, whose design, as it appears to have been (although I will not affirm that it was so), was to compass your destruction. I will endeavour to inform myself better who and what the man is. It is necessary you should know, Henry, that your little person is an object of great concern to several different parties. Ten thousand pounds are no trifle, and many human beings have met with very ill treatment, where a far less sum was at stake. Just as much as Prince Casimir desires your perfect restoration to health, has he who took the wager an interest to the contrary. Who can tell if his desire to win the bet will confine itself to a simple wish? But the recovery of your health must depend upon yourself alone, for millions of money could not purchase it for you. Above all things, be always candid with me; hide nothing that happens to you, not even any fault you may commit. I am your sincere friend, and wish you well."

Henry felt relieved of a heavy burden on hearing these kind words, instead of the reproaches he had anticipated. He was very grateful, and promised to

have no concealment; nor did he fail to keep his word. The professor, on his side, hastened to inform himself more exactly of the character and reputation of Savage, the landlord of the Red Tavern. He heard nothing very satisfactory of him. The man had only been (he was told) in that house since Lady-Day, and had brought a bad reputation with him from his last place of abode. It was affirmed that he permitted gambling in his tavern, and was a receiver of stolen goods. This intelligence made Herr Heine very careful; he seldom now allowed his charge to quit his side. But as the latter went one day to his cave in the rock, where Heine had promised to rejoin him with Robert and Edward in a quarter of an hour, he found, in a corner of the mossy seat, a tolerably sized paper bag filled to the top, and bearing the inscription, "For Patient Henry, from his unknown friend;" with these words added below, "Be silent and taste, and you will get more."

Henry's curiosity got the better of him; he opened the bag and found it filled with the finest confectionery—angelica, burnt almonds, and other expensive sweet things. What a temptation for Henry,



Burton begs that his snuff may be spared him.

P. 111.

who had never in his life partaken of such delicacies, if we except upon one occasion a biscuit or two ! And there he beheld before him, sweetcakes red, yellow, and green, some round like rings, macaroons, fruit tarts, bon-bons of every kind and shape, all requiring much time even for examination. But in this trial he did not forget the warning of his guardian ; he tasted nothing, but ran in all haste to show his unexpected treasure to his kind adviser, who was now on his way to rejoin him.

The instructor shook his head when he read the inscription and saw the contents. “ A venomous snake often reposes beneath beautiful flowers,” he said. “ There is no longer any doubt, Henry, of your having a cunning and dangerous enemy, who desires to undermine your health. The frequent use of such sweet things is in itself a treacherous poison for your weak stomach. It would render all my attempts to make you a strong, healthy man entirely fruitless. But I have an additional dread of these particular cakes. There may be some injurious mixture either in the colour or in the paste itself of which they are made. It was in such a manner, that by slow degrees a royal favourite once

poisoned a renowned and potent princess, who, although possessing many great advantages of superior intelligence, had still one weakness, which was an exorbitant love of such delicacies, which made her even pay frequent visits to the distinguished ladies of her court in order to indulge it. And thus it was that she became the victim of their ingratitude and her own sweet taste. I will give the contents of this paper to a clever chemist to analyse and let you know the result."

In effect, it turned out on analysis, that not only was the colouring used of a poisonous description, but the things themselves contained a considerable proportion of sugar of lead, which is a virulent poison.

How lucky it was that Henry had followed the counsel of his honest instructor !

CHAPTER XI.

NEW VILLANY.

AFTER the enemies of Patient Henry became aware of the failure of their third attempt, they set to work to devise fresh schemes.

"I cannot and I will not grow stout and ruddy," Henry had said, "if my father, my mother, and my sisters are not so too."

These words, as they reflected credit upon the boy's heart and character, had been reported in many quarters at the time when the wager was made. Henry's adversaries founded upon them their new plan.

Robson, the brother of Count Sandomir's valet—the same person who styled himself Henry's unknown friend, and who had, accompanied by the landlord, surprised him in his cave—went one day to the boy's father, under the pretext of having a coat to alter. At the appointed time, he returned to

fetch it, and on receiving it paid the account and left with the tailor another article (a mantle), with the direction to replace the worn-out lining with the new material, which he also left for the purpose with Burton.

On the very next morning, the latter set to work upon it, wishing to execute the commission as speedily as possible, in order to give satisfaction to his new, unknown customer, who had generously paid on his first account a trifle more than the amount. In tearing off the old lining, he discovered, to his great astonishment, that the front of the mantle, on both sides of the opening, was lined with florins, which fell into his hands as the material was displaced.

Burton, on counting them, found that they amounted to sixty-five florins: he carefully laid them together to restore them to their rightful owner. The latter allowed the day to pass which he had named for his return to take the mantle; but his not doing so roused no suspicion in Burton's mind. Judge of his alarm at what now took place! He had sent his daughter Annie to a shop to change the florin which he had first received from his

customer. She returned in tears, accompanied by an inspector of police and two policemen. The inspector began immediately his examination of Henry's father.

"Where did you get that florin?" he inquired, showing him the above-named florin.

"From a gentleman who had left me his coat to alter."

"His name?"

"I do not know."

Thereupon the three began to make a strict search through the rooms occupied by Burton. Although the latter was now in better circumstances than formerly, still his moveable property was not much augmented. So they soon found, with their six searching hands, the other florins which the tailor had found under the lining of the mantle, and which he had carefully put away. The inspector compared them with the one they had previously seized, and made a very significant nod of satisfaction with his head.

"And where did you get these from?" he asked the tailor, at the same time looking him sharply in the face.

"I found them under the lining of that mantle."

"Why did you not restore them to the rightful owner?"

"Because he has not yet returned."

"When did this take place?"

"Last Monday."

"Why did you keep secret your having found them, and not immediately communicate the circumstance to the police?"

"Because I expected every moment the gentleman would come back and claim his mantle."

The inspector made no reply, but continued his search. He did not spare a single hole or corner. The stove, the chimney, the dark kitchen, the place used for wood (now empty), the wooden staircase, straw mattress, the table used by the tailor in his tailoring—all were searched, but nothing more was found. Whilst the search was going on, one of the policemen took care that Burton should not talk aside with any member of his family. The latter were finally led away to have their depositions taken; they were separately interrogated, and their statements were written down. On their engaging not to attempt to make off, the mother and

daughters were permitted to return to their dwelling, but the father was detained in custody. When the others heard this decision, all three broke out into loud lamentations, and appeared quite disconsolate.

"My husband," said Mrs. Burton, "is as innocent as the sun in heaven, and must he go to prison?"

"Would you have preferred my going thither guilty?" said her husband.

"My husband has never in his life been accused before," sobbed the mother; "he has never been charged by the police or been arraigned before any court; he has always paid his taxes punctually, with whatever difficulty; he has ever behaved like an honest man and good subject; he could never even be induced to appropriate any little remnant of cloth or lining, a thing which many tailors certainly do, and which, for that very reason, is not, perhaps, wrong. And he is to be now accused of coining counterfeit money! He has lived three-and-fifty years, and yet has never known what imprisonment means——"

"For three-and-fifty years," interposed her husband, "God has suffered me to go or stay where I

pleased. What a period of liberty He granted me! and should I, then, repine at having to endure a short imprisonment? How fortunate I must regard myself when I compare my state with that of the poor man in the Scriptures, who lay thirty-eight years ill at the pool of Bethesda!"

"Your good name is gone," said his wife again. "Men will point with their fingers at you, and at us."

"The Lord will make thy righteousness as clear as the light," said Burton, consoling her, "and thy just dealing as the noon-day." How often have I told you so! All things work together for good for those who love God. Woman! is it only in prosperity that you put your trust in Him? That is neither wise nor reputable. In evil days the Lord distinguishes his own."

"What are we to do without you?" she complained. "All our customers will be again lost, and we shall sink into our former state of destitution!"

"There is the living God," said Burton, earnestly; "there is the gracious Prince Casimir; there is the excellent lawyer; and were their aid to

be withdrawn from us, God will never abandon or neglect us."

They were now ordered by the superintendent to separate. The woman and the daughters took leave of Burton with tears and embraces, then they went away, after having been told to stop immediately, on his re-appearance, the man who had left the mantle and the forged money, as his discovery was the only means of proving the innocence of Burton.

The tailor's pockets were examined, yet nothing further was found in them, except a little paper of snuff. The loss of this was a sore subject with the poor man.

"Sirs," he said, with emotion, to the police-officer, "you have judged it necessary to separate me from my wife and my daughters, do not take from me my only remaining friend, this little paper of snuff, which would otherwise, without harming or prejudicing any one, share its owner's captivity, and sweeten his loneliness. I will promise you, on my honour, not to destroy myself by swallowing it. I will only allow myself three pinches a day."

"Burton," said the superintendent, "you spoke just now to your wife quite edifyingly; you showed

that you had read the word of God to profit by it, and that you were well versed therein; but it is also written there, that a man must not set his heart upon vain things. Now snuff is such. God is the best and truest friend of man, and Him no one can tear from him."

"Ah, you are perfectly in the right," replied Burton, after a silent struggle with himself. "I see that snuff is the envoy of Satan, to dash me to the ground; but what! are we not one and all sinners? Have you no hobby, whose loss would leave you inconsolable? You do not know what wonderful influence this little brown powder possesses. When ground to the dust by the burthen of poverty, a pinch again sets me on my legs; when my brain grows giddy in contemplating a hopeless future, a pinch clears the vista to my eyes. If, in cutting out my cloth, I am at a loss to make the quantity correspond with the object which I have in view, I take a pinch of snuff, and straightway the mist falls from my eyes, an invisible hand seems to guide my hand, and directs my scissors to the wished-for object. A pinch of snuff aids me instead of many things—instead of richness to my soup, of butter to my

potatoes, of sugar to my beetroot coffee, and of meat to my vegetables. A pinch cradles me to sleep and gives me, of a morning, the necessary energy and cheerfulness to set to work. And should—which Heaven forbid—should I ever be about to be buried alive, to oblige me to cast off death's counterfeit, there would be need of nothing but a pinch of snuff held to my nose ; it would do more for me than all the scents in the world, than even cupping-glasses or blood-letting.

“ Any indulgence on this head,” said the superintendent, “ would be a departure from our duty, which requires us to leave nothing to a prisoner but his articles of clothing. The removal of his hobby has often led many a hardened prisoner to an avowal of his guilt. If found innocent, your snuff will have a double flavour to you.”

“ Well, then,” said the tailor, “ I must, I suppose, yield the point. But at least you will not refuse me the indulgence of a last pinch in your presence ?”

The superintendent accorded this with a smile, and Burton took care to scrape together as much snuff as he possibly could with his finger and thumb. He then proceeded to the prison, where he soon

found himself amongst a numerous company of thieves and impostors of all descriptions. In the meantime, his wife waited every day, anxiously, for the reappearance of the unknown gentleman, who had brought misfortune upon her husband and placed him amongst criminals. But the crafty man, Robson, who knew what had happened and had calculated upon it beforehand, took care, wisely, to remain away, leaving his old mantle to its fate.

CHAPTER XII.

THE POWER OF THE TONGUE.

HERR HEINE saw nearly every week fresh indications of the success of his careful method of treating Henry. The boy recovered; slowly, it is true, but surely, in body as well as mind. Although his countenance was still very thin and pale, his limbs grew stronger and firmer. He was already capable of making considerable efforts, of supporting long walks, and of enduring labour without fatigue or injury. His depressed and timid spirit acquired a certain vigour, and, although he still went by the name of Patient Henry, he could at times be merry and talkative. The presence of the lawyer's two sons contributed not a little to this result. He was the companion of the lively sprightly boys in their exercises and play, whether he liked it or not. When he engaged with them and the farmer's children in merry games in the forest and the house (games,

too, requiring the exertion of strength), Herr Heine looked down with internal satisfaction upon his pupil, whose recovery richly rewarded him for all his care, and made him happier than any pecuniary recompenses Prince Casimir had promised him could possibly do. Whilst he was one day absorbed in these feelings of pure, disinterested satisfaction, he saw his three pupils going together to the wood. He intended following a little later; but, before he had time to do so, he remarked with great astonishment that the boys were returning from the mountain. His surprise became apprehension when he observed that Robert and Edward were leading and supporting Henry, whilst the latter was walking with drooping head, and apparently without any exercise of his will. His alarm became great when he caught sight of the boy's face; it was like that of a corpse.

“Heavens! what has happened?”

With these words he hurried to meet the children. They were themselves in a great fright. They said, hastily—

“A stranger spoke with Henry, and terrified him so much that his head has become quite confused. We thought he would faint away.”

"Speak!" said his tutor to Henry; "what has happened to you? Ah! I should not have let you go without me."

Henry raised his sunken head a little, looked at his guardian with dim eyes, and replied, in a faint voice—

"They say my father has become a coiner of base money, and is therefore to be hanged."

"Who says so?" asked Herr Heine, angrily. "How can you believe such nonsense?"

"The strange man, who called himself my friend, assured me of it as a fact. We should, he added, inquire ourselves, and we should find that he had spoken the truth."

Here Henry paused, and gasped for breath. Herr Heine looked intently at him, without speaking. Henry continued—

"My mother and sisters are quite in despair, and want to come to us, Herr Heine, to implore your aid. Ah! my poor good father! My father is to be hanged! I shall die with agony!"

To judge by Henry's looks, his last words seemed likely to be verified. The professor regarded the pale trembling boy with great uneasiness. He felt the bitterest feeling of hostility to this secret enemy,

who had thus purposely wounded his pupil mercilessly, in the tenderest point. His anger at last vented itself in words.

"Henry," he said, "you have had many reasons to know that this man who styles himself your friend, is in effect your most bitter enemy, and is only contemplating your destruction. It is exceedingly probable that this terrible news which he has brought you is only the offspring of his diabolical wickedness. And supposing even that it were true, it must still be the work of your enemy. Do not, therefore, give way to despair. In our country, no man is hanged merely upon suspicion. God sees the secrets of all hearts, and knows how to bring to light the counsels of all men. Do you think it possible that it really can be proved that your father is a coiner of false money?"

"No, no," replied Henry, with the greatest decision.

"Neither do I," said the professor. "If your father, when he was in the greatest distress, refrained from committing any shameful action, he will have been far less likely to do so when Providence has placed him in circumstances which rendered it use-

less for him to resort to such questionable expedients. And; besides all this, coining requires an unusual dexterity, for which I do not give your father credit. I would guarantee his innocence, and answer for this wicked scheme turning out in the end to his advantage. Be easy, therefore; I will not let a day pass without ascertaining what the truth really is."

Herr Heine did not cease for a long time speaking words of comfort to Patient Henry; he gave him also a glass of strong wine; but all this did not diminish Henry's anxiety. At supper-time he could eat nothing, as the expression is. Herr Heine did not forget to include in the evening prayer a supplication applicable to Henry's case, and when he was upon the point of going to bed he gave him a verse from the Bible to ponder upon—

"The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

The good professor felt the profound truth of these few words in a very sensible manner, as he tossed about that night sleeplessly upon his couch. How much mischief, hatred, murder, incendiarism, insurrection and other horrors has the tongue occasioned!

With the same mouth with which we praise God we curse man, whom He has created in His own image!

Midnight had long passed, and yet sleep had not visited his eyes. He quietly left his bed and walked gently to the foot of Henry's. There was not a sound in the room. The breathing of the two brothers, Robert and Edward, was inaudible. But when the tutor looked attentively at Henry he became aware that the latter was lying with his eyes still open.

"Why do you not sleep?" said his guardian, reproachfully.

"I cannot," was the reply.

"What! have you no faith?" Herr Heine continued; "has the promise of the Scripture, which has made itself good in the case of so many millions, no influence over you? Well, then, if my comforting and my prayers are of no avail for you, address your own to the sovereign Father of us all. Throw all your cares upon the Lord; the Lord will make all good."

"I believe so, assuredly," replied Henry, his eyes

filling with tears, "but I cannot help it—I cannot sleep for thinking of my poor father."

"Arise, my son," said the professor, after reflecting a moment, "and throw on some warm clothing."

Henry obeyed, and his guardian led him to the window. Pointing to the starry sky, he said, "Behold! my son, the countless host of glittering lights that sparkle so silently yet so gloriously in the arch of heaven. Above them all, sits enthroned the Father of light, who holdeth all things in the embrace of his never-ending love. That heavenly Father is near you also; He guards your mother and sisters; He sends the peace of a good conscience to your father's guiltless breast. Look at those eternal witnesses to his overruling providence, and they will be to you an evidence of the beneficent consolatory presence of your God. Look up, I tell you, only look up!"

And they stood and gazed with a look that grew every moment more and more reliant and more full of faith, upon those lights which no light on earth resembles. By degrees they forgot the grief that the wickedness of man had poured into their hearts; and the peace of God that passeth all un-

derstanding, took up its abode therein, and drove away all earthly sorrow. And as the splendour of the stars paled at the approach of morning, so also did Henry's eyes become dimmer and dimmer. And when gradually star after star had extinguished its torch at the rise of the sun, Henry's eyes, too, at last closed.

When his faithful guardian had noted this with joy, he clasped gently and lovingly in his arms that child of suffering and of sorrow, and laid him upon his couch, where he fell into a profound and refreshing slumber. Herr Heine partook himself, also, of a few hours of the repose he so much needed to fit and strengthen him for the work of the morrow.

After breakfast, the tutor and his three pupils set out on their way for the capital. He hired a carriage at the first place he came to, and was able to arrive before noon, at the end of their journey. The first person upon whom he called was the lawyer Justice Willesen, but he found him absent on a journey. The same was the case with regard to Prince Casimir and his secretary.

He purposely avoided calling upon Henry's mother, for he feared the effect her tears and lamentations would have upon her sorrowful son. He had ascertained from the lawyer's servants that the report as to the father had at least a foundation in fact. He immediately applied for an interview with the director of the police, to whom he related exactly how the matter stood. He named to him the person whom he suspected as the cause of the whole deception, and implored him to permit him and Henry to have access to the prisoner. The director consented, on condition that an officer of the police should be present. Henry's heart beat violently when he and his guardian followed the policeman, as he led them through a long dark passage to the rear of the extensive building. After a lock had been opened which fastened a thick bar of iron that was placed athwart the door, and the bar itself had been removed, Herr Heine and his pupil were admitted into a tolerably large roomy apartment, so dimly lighted that at first it was impossible to distinguish those whom it contained. They remained irresolutely standing at the door which the official

had locked behind them, putting the key into his pocket, until by degrees their eyes began to distinguish the different objects.

They became aware of the presence of seven individuals, some seated on a wooden couch covered with straw sacks, some standing at the barred window, or by the fire-place. A large vessel of water, and a bowl to drink from, were placed near a wooden tub, the smell of which was anything but agreeable. In other respects, the room contained no furniture at all, except a bench attached to the wall.

"Burton!" cried the officer aloud, when he saw that those who accompanied him had not discovered the object of their search.

The latter, who had been standing in deep thought at the window, turned round; but before he could ascertain the motive that had led to his name being pronounced, Henry, sobbing, but without uttering a word, threw himself into his arms and hid his face against his bosom, as if he wanted to see and hear nothing more in this world.

"Henry, my son, is it really you?" said the father, rejoiced, and he laid both his hands with a blessing

upon his son's head; "what a joy this is for me! and you too, sir! You can really then enter this place without dread? Where? — where?" He paused perplexed, and glanced at the other prisoners, who kept observing him and his visitors.

"How is it with you, my good Burton?" said the professor, giving him his hand. "I feel assured that I hold in mine, the hand of an honest man, and it is an honour to pay a visit to such a one. Virtue does not always dwell in palaces, but far oftener in huts, or sometimes, as in your case, in prisons."

"Thank you, Herr Heine!" replied the tailor, with emotion, "for not condemning me. I am no angel, but, on the contrary, have man's failings; but I have never been a coiner of base money. That I may affirm, for I have not the necessary talent."

"I came," said the professor, "principally with the object of convincing Henry that an honest man and a Christian is not wretched even in confinement. Am I not right? Henry will not believe me, and takes your misfortune more to heart, I am sure, than you do yourself."

"Is this true?" said Burton, and he gently raised Henry's head. "Ah! how strong and healthy you

have become! I should dance with gladness at the sight, if it were seemly for a man of my age and in this company. And you sorrow for me? And why, I pray? Look at me attentively, and tell me if I want anything? In the first place, no one can harm me; the police take care of that. Secondly, no one can steal anything from me, because the window has bars of iron. Thirdly, I feel no drop of rain, no flake of snow, no influence of the weather assailing me, for this apartment is built far stronger and better than our little room at home, where our light was often extinguished by a current of wind forcing its passage through the closed window. Fourthly, I have here a soft bed, and at night a warm woollen blanket to cover me. Fifthly, I can say, on rising early in the morning, this day is a holiday, for I am not required to stir a finger to work; which circumstance I can, however, hardly say is anything to feel joy at. Sixthly, there always stands yonder a wholesome drink, and in abundance. Seventhly, they give me more bread, salt, and meat than I can eat. Look, Henry, and you may soon convince yourself."

Whilst his father was speaking, a small window in the door was opened, a plate of meat all hot from

the fire was pushed through, and a man's voice called out—

“Number one, John Stock!”

The individual named went and took his portion; after him the other prisoners, Burton amongst them, took theirs, each in their turn. The father held the plate towards his son, saying—

“Have you any objection to make to it? Does it not smell good? Would you exchange it for our old dinner of coffee and ha’penny loaves? Is there not abundance for you and for me? Try it—taste it, for my joy has taken away my appetite.”

Henry said nothing, but kept looking steadfastly at the father, for whom he felt so much affection.

As his son showed no inclination to accept his invitation, he set the plate itself aside and went on, saying—

“But I have not yet done with my story; I have not counted all the advantages which I here possess. Eighthly, I have no ground to complain of being solitary, or time being tedious to me, whatever pain”—and he said this in a low voice—“may be inflicted upon the ears of an honest man!”

"Your son," said Herr Heine, with a smile, "is afraid that you are to be hanged!"

Burton burst out into a loud fit of laughter. "He must have been a pretty scoundrel, or simpleton, who put that idea into his head!" he cried. "No, no; in our beloved country a man is not so quickly hanged. These gentlemen, my fellow-prisoners, assure me—and they well understand such matters—that, unless I make a confession, my neck is quite safe. Now, as I know nothing about it, how can I make a confession? Therefore be easy about my neck!"

"Don't they beat you, then?" asked Henry, timidly.

"Heaven forbid!" replied his father; "no hair of my head will be hurt; no unseemly word be addressed to me. I am only to remain here in confinement until the owner of that false coin is discovered."

"But still you are a prisoner!" said his son, somewhat calmed.

"My Saviour was one too, and his apostles also!" replied the tailor. "I share the honour with many an emperor, and king, and prince of this world!—

people of far more consequence than a little tailor like me. Did Frederick the Great, or Francis the First, or Louis the Sixteenth, or Frederick Augustus the Just, or Napoleon, become objects of contempt simply because they were in captivity? As gold is tried by fire, so is it with the heart of man, that it may bring forth the fruit of righteousness. God is faithful. He suffers us not to be tried beyond our strength. What joy have I not felt at your visit to-day! Should I have experienced an equal one had I been at freedom? And now only reflect what joy will be ours when we are all once more together again."

"Are you now convinced," asked Henry's tutor, "of your father not being, after all, so badly off as you supposed? I promise you, besides, that Prince Casimir, on his return, shall give bail for your father, and liberate him from prison!"

"Besides, you know," said Burton, "that I never was a gadder about, and always preferred remaining at home. I do not, therefore, feel my imprisonment here as a confinement at all."

These assurances, confirmed by what his eyes themselves had seen, calmed Henry's mind; he

began to look more cheerful. But Herr Heine asked—

“What were you doing at the window when we entered?”

“To wile away the time,” he replied, “I was counting the number of the bricks in the house opposite, and then calculating how many were required to build this city on the supposition that each house contained the same number.”

“Your confinement will then bring at least the opportunity of making yourself an accomplished ready reckoner,” said the tutor, with a smile. “But I will suggest to you another, and, at the same time, a nobler, object to occupy your idle time. Strive by word and example to bring your fellow-prisoners to a better mode of life. Do not be discouraged if your first attempts are received and met with scorn and mockery. An English lady, full of true Christian feeling, who visited every day the most loathsome prisons, with the purpose of reforming their tenants, managed at last, by her unceasing efforts, so to sow the seed of God’s Word in the hearts of the most sinful of men, that it at last found its proper soil and

yielded abundant fruits. Who knows if that was not God's very purpose in placing you amongst this infected flock?"

"And I will do it," said Burton, with enthusiasm; "I will do it, so true as there is a living God! And what if I do but save one single soul from destruction? I would not now wish to be set at liberty, if I could."

Herr Heine sympathized in his joy, and again pressed his hand with brotherly affection. He then spoke again. "Have you no wish, Burton—no longing for anything? Perhaps they would permit me to gratify it, if it does not involve any breach of the prison regulations."

Burton shut his eyes, and said at first not a single word; then, almost ashamed, he said—"Do you take snuff, Herr Heine?"

"No," said the latter, surprised. "why do you ask?"

Burton suppressed a sigh, and then said—"You may jeer at or rebuke me as an old idiot, unable to get rid of a bad habit, or to live without it. You may laugh as much as you please, but *do*

contrive to get me a pinch ! My fellow-prisoner yonder, in the grey jacket, is just as inveterate a snuff-taker as I am, and in his extremity has had resort to the salt-cellar ; he has counselled me to do the same. I did so once, but with great scruples of conscience, for I held it a sin to apply God's gift to the wrong purpose, although grey-jacket's principle is, that snuff is God's gift too, and that the nose is as good as the mouth."

Herr Heine had compassion on the poor man, and addressed a petition to the director of police, who permitted a paper of snuff, which the professor purchased, to be passed through to the prisoner.

Father and son, now both restored to serenity and content, separated at last. How differently did the latter feel, on quitting the prison, to what he had done on entering it ! As they proceeded to find his mother and sisters, his tutor said to him—"You have an honest, pious father, whom you cannot but highly respect and esteem ; but still you may learn, even in his case, how a habit, once contracted, lords it over a man and renders him a slave. Your father

would never swerve from the good path from any motive of money, distinction, or desire for eating or drinking—these would not even make him waver in his purpose; yet see how little he is able to resist the contemptible dust of a weed, in the hand of a tempter! Take this as a warning, and beware how you acquire a habit of indulging in things which it will cost you the most energetic and persistent struggle to rid yourself of, and which sometimes will become a positive impossibility. But I feel certain that this little weakness will not lower your father in your eyes, for love covereth a multitude of sins, and your father has shown unceasing forbearance with failings of far greater consequence, which he has observed in you.'

There was no need for Henry to be reminded of this, for he loved his father far more than he did himself, and was ready to forgive far greater failings.

He now passed two calm, happy hours with his mother and sisters, who were, indeed, in want of nothing, and who did not now feel great anxiety as to the result of Burton's captivity. Then Henry

and his guardian joined the other two pupils, who had in the meantime remained with their mother, and the party again set out on their return home, accomplishing their journey without any accident.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EXCURSION.

WHAT with study, play, walks, visits, sliding, and skating, the winter passed rapidly away. Henry's cheeks began gradually to fill out; they grew ruddy from the effect, not only of the wintry cold, but of the improved state of his health. He seemed now not much more delicate than the sturdy sons of the good lawyer. The three little fellows grew together like three buds on one stem. And a similar bond of union seemed now to unite the three who were all attached to the children by a bond of parental affection—we mean the justice, the professor, and poor Barton.

The latter's troubles, connected with the charge respecting the false coin, were, it is true, not yet terminated, but he was himself set at liberty, the prince having caused bail to a considerable amount

to be put in for his appearance. No trace remained of Henry's enemies or their wicked devices, and no one knew anything of the whereabouts even of Count Sandomir.

Spring returned, to the delight of the larks in the sky and of the children upon earth, who greeted with shouts of gladness the early flowers, as they began to appear.

"The snow it melteth,
And May is here !"

sang Henry with a loud voice, in chorus with all the young inhabitants of the farm, who began again with fresh zeal to dig, to sow, and to plant their little gardens. In fact, they entered into the full enjoyment of all the charms of the magnificent season, which is wont to reinvigorate man's body at the same time that it seems to regenerate his mind.

Herr Heine now considered Henry strong enough to support, without prejudice to his constitution, an excursion of several days' duration. He selected for it that part of the country which has been styled the miniature Switzerland, and which, in a fine season,

is the resort of thousands. It was on a serene, sunny morning in June that he started, accompanied by his three pupils and the eldest son of the farmer. The children had hardly been able to sleep from joy at the expected treat, and they were up and stirring, long before the usual time. With little knapsacks on their backs, and sticks in their hands, and light hearts in their breasts, they gave a shout as they quitted the house, and had more than once to be warned against wasting their strength, by walking too rapidly. Their way led them along the side of a majestic river, the enchanting banks of which were skirted by vineyards, green meadows, luxuriant corn-fields, and smiling villages. As evening drew near, the little wanderers reached a royal residence. The lovely park in which it stood presented to their gaze ornamental buildings, constructed in the Japanese fashion. After they had examined these, and had rested a little, they proceeded a league farther on, in order to be able to gain their appointed quarters for the night—a romantically situated mill at the gorge of a rocky defile.

They had this first day walked fifteen miles without experiencing the slightest feeling of exhaustion.

No wonder, then, that they enjoyed their supper much, and their sleep still more. But scarcely had the sun's rays become visible through the small windows, when the youthful travellers awoke, and began chatting from their hard straw palliasses of the coming pleasure of the day now before them. After having breakfasted, they wanted to rush forth from the mill; but Herr Heine would not consent to this before he had explained to them the whole arrangement of the mill and its extremely ingenious construction.

"It would be a shame for you," he said, "not to learn how and by what means, that bread is prepared which serves you for daily sustenance. A miller is a worthy man, to whom all men should take off their hats, for he it is who makes us all sleek and stout at his own expense. What! you do not believe me?" he said, when he saw the children looking at him with smiles. "It is really as I say. Do you see the fine dust which fills the room where the mill is? There is enough there, to make the miller stout also, if he received it in his stomach instead of his lungs. But the dust that he inhales brings on frequently a complaint of the chest, of which most

millers die. And so he falls a victim for his fellow-creatures. Why, then, should we grudge him a good income, which can still never be an adequate compensation for the damage done to his health?"

The miller, who was standing by, heard these words with a smile. "You are not so far wrong," he said. "My father and grandfather were millers also, and died of decline; and I remark, too, that I lose my breath when I ascend hills. But millers there must be, so long as men will have bread, and no one lives for ever in this world. Rather than leave the dear mill to itself, I prefer to have my life shortened by a few years. Use is everything."

"Lucky for us," replied Herr Heine, "that you millers entertain such sentiments; otherwise it would go hard with us all."

The children now remarked with surprise how the water set the large wheel, and the large wheel a smaller one, in motion; how this turned an immense mill-stone with the rapidity of lightning, and so gave to the whole piece of mechanism a continual life and activity. They were astonished at the ingenuity of the whole construction, which so easily and rapidly stripped the grain of its brown husk,

and converted the meal, at first so coarse, into the finest flour, in the end. They began to regard the miller with very different eyes. They had not at first thought him, clad as he was in his plain dress, all covered with flour, such a distinguished individual as they now saw that he was. They quitted the mill instructed and enlightened.

They now ascended the rocky defile. The stony walls, rising perpendicularly towards heaven, were decked with the most various colours—with mosses, creepers, bushes, and trees. In the midst of these a noisy stream poured its waters, babbling and foaming, over countless fragments of rocks. Here bloomed in abundance blue forget-me-nots, red pinks, and other flowery denizens of woods and meadows—birds by thousands sang their morning song—the heavens were telling of the glory of God, and proclaimed His handiwork. The little travellers stood still with folded hands in silent contemplation of the wonders of Nature, and their mute admiration was perhaps more pleasing to the Creator than any long declamation. Little by little their tongues acquired life, and their limbs activity.

“Edward; do you think,” said Robert, pointing to

a lofty rock, "that you could throw a stone as high as that?"

"See," said Henry, "these are very different waterfalls from those fed by our stream."

"There stand men upon long ladders," cried Edward, alluding to some quarrymen, who were already at their tedious daily work.

The most precious diamonds are not so useful as these millstones, of which you see here many lying about," said the tutor. "With diamonds one can only cut glass, but these procure us the most useful thing of all—bread."

Every new step in advance brought fresh objects in view. The hours flew by in this lovely valley; here a mill echoed busily; there a bold bridge spanned the roaring stream; yonder the quarrymen blew up masses of rock. Had not their appetites begun to make themselves felt, and reminded the lads of dinner-time, they would have needed no other clock.

O, Nature, how beautiful thou art! what innocent enjoyment thou hast in store for those that love thee! How poor in comparison seem all the pleasures of the table—pleasures that bring with

them, for the most part, nothing but a feeling of repletion, pain and uneasiness, whereas, O Nature ! thy true enjoyments strengthen body and mind and give health to both !

The point for which they made this day was a small town, situated in the very heart of a splendid country, on the banks of a river, between lofty mountains. Herr Heine decided to fix upon this spot as a centre from which their daily excursions should be made in various directions, because this plan seemed to tax least the strength of his young companions. The inn at which they now put up, with its hospitable and agreeable occupants, seemed to leave nothing more to be desired ; nor did he repent of his determination to select it as his headquarters, for, from the first day, they felt comfortable and at home. A series of natural beauties, gradually exceeding each other in loveliness and novelty, occupied their attention during the following days. There were charming peeps and prospects of scenery—strange caves in the mountains, cool grottoes, fantastic combinations of rocks, lovely valleys, dense woods, and cheerful plateaus alternating with each other in wild confusion. When the day was op-

pressive, the heat intense, and the way toilsome, the travellers took to a boat on the water and floated on its surface to their appointed resting-place, where they did full justice to the refreshment that awaited them.

Herr Heine occupied at the inn apartments consisting of two rooms—one large, the other smaller, opening into each other. In the former stood three bedsteads for the boys; in the latter that of their instructor, who, at night, always left the door between the two chambers open, so as to be, as it were, in the same room with his charges. He would have preferred apartments on the front side of the house, where there was a much finer prospect from the window than from that of his present room; but, in spite of the goodwill of the landlord, it was out of his power to grant them, for they had been before engaged by strangers.

The third night after their arrival, the tutor awoke as the neighbouring church clock struck one; he heard a slight sound at the lock of the door of the larger room. He listened with great attention, and became aware that a key had been inserted into the key-hole, and that some one was attempting to

unlock the door. "It must certainly be some stranger who has mistaken his room," thought Herr Heine; and he remained quiet, for he had left the key in the lock on the inside, and consequently felt quite safe against any unwelcome visitor. But as the hand on the outside continued indefatigably, although softly, its vain attempts, he thought it at last advisable to inform the disturber of his error. He rose, approached the door, and said, with a subdued voice, in order not to startle the sleepers, "Who is there? This room is occupied!"

In an instant all was still on the outside, and Herr Heine heard the soft steps of some one retreating with rapidity; he then, suspecting nothing wrong, returned to his bed, and thought no more of the incident. Next morning, as he was standing talking with the landlord below, and was receiving information from him respecting the excursion they were about to make that day, a man with his hat pressed down over his forehead, and the lower part of his face muffled up, slipped by. In passing, he seemed so singularly to fix his eyes on the professor, that the latter could not avoid asking the host who the man was.

"He has been lodging here the last two days," the landlord replied; "he says that he is a dealer in wood, and that he must therefore go out early in the day and return late in the evening."

This statement satisfied the tutor; he soon afterwards started with his pupils, to show them fresh scenes of Nature's loveliness. They returned before evening, and were met by the landlady, who, with a pleased expression of countenance, said, "To-day you will be satisfied. The strangers who occupied the room so coveted by you have left, and I lost no time in making a change and bringing your beds and bedding and all your effects out of your old rooms into this one. You can immediately take possession."

The change was very agreeable to Herr Heine. All united in praising the magnificent prospect and the pleasant situation of their new apartment; they partook of their savoury supper with loud and boisterous merriment. It was not until night had set in that the boys left their post at the window, where they had found abundant materials for enjoyment in contemplating the prospect.

Was it excitement, the change of room, or a

dim presentiment, that made the tutor awake exactly at the same hour as on the preceding night? His mind's eye pictured the figure of the wood merchant; he thought yesterday he had distinguished the same figure at a distance following their steps as they rambled about, and even Henry was startled, on once accidentally catching sight of him. Whilst pondering over the possibility of the existence of some enemy in their immediate vicinity, Herr Heinewas suddenly alarmed by fearful cries of murder, apparently proceeding from numerous voices. They seemed to issue from the neighbourhood of his former apartment. With a single bound he was out of bed, and in a second he stood before the door of his room in the long passage that divided the house into two parts, the bedrooms being on each side. He was right in his supposition; the cry issued from the apartment he had previously occupied, which was on the opposite side farther on. The door was suddenly thrown open, and a skeleton figure, illuminated from the interior, sprang towards him. It ran at such a pace against the tutor as he stood there in the obscurity, that both fell to the ground locked in a brotherly embrace. At the same time the professor

felt, instead of the cold rattling figure of bones, only a paper imitation lying upon him. The ghost-like light had deserted it, for the candles that had been placed behind the cut outline of the transparent skeleton had been extinguished by the fall. He was further confirmed in his suspicion by an oppressive weight upon him, far too heavy for any real skeleton. His suspicion became certainty when the person whom he held, sought to liberate himself from that forcible embrace, and in striving angrily to do so, allowed many a muttered oath to escape his lips. But Herr Heine was not inclined to let the person who had thus forced himself upon his intimacy escape so easily. He soon showed that he knew not only how to catch but to hold fast when an emergency arose. His muscular hands and fingers were not to be loosed from the long hair of the pretended ghost where they had twisted themselves; so that, in spite of his furious struggling, escape was not to be thought of, unless he liked to leave his head behind him. Nor, in the meantime, did Herr Heine's voice remain mute. He united his cry for help with the shouts of murder that continued to issue from the open room opposite. To add to the

tumult and alarm, some one thundered against a locked door, which at last gave way and split into fragments.

"Herr Heine! Herr Heine!" exclaimed his terrified pupils, who, when they missed their guardian, had followed the sound of his voice.

"What is the matter?" was the cry on all sides. The passage soon swarmed with crowds of travellers, grooms, chambermaids, and children in night-clothing, and lastly, the landlord and landlady. Most of them (although in a hurry) had been able to procure candles, the light of which enabled them to distinguish the figures struggling on the ground, and to separate them.

When the tutor had risen, and had time to examine his antagonist, he discovered him to be no other than the wood merchant, and Henry also, detected his identity with his former enemy, Robson. The latter now sought to rise and get away, leaving his paper apparatus behind him; but Herr Heine, suspecting his design at once, insisted upon his instant detention. They accordingly sent for cords with which to secure him. Before there had been time to explain the occurrence, all were alarmed by

loud lamentations proceeding from the room, the door of which, as we have said, was open; a voice was heard crying, "Ah, my poor child! help! he is dying."

The next moment a man showed himself at the door, wringing his hands, and calling for assistance. It was the baker, with whose wife the reader was made acquainted at the beginning of this volume. When his eyes fell upon Robson, his grief changed into the most awful passion.

"Is that the murderer of my child?" he said, angrily; and before any one could prevent him he gave the prisoner so terrible a blow on his face with his fist, that the latter staggered against the wall, and the blood ran in torrents down his cheeks. He would have been killed, had his assailant not been mastered, and led back again into the chamber out of which he had come. Here the spectators saw a lamentable sight. Two children lay in their beds shrieking and in convulsions, whilst a third, their brother, seemed to be quite dead. His body was cold and still. It was not till long after the most persistent efforts, that the medical man who was called in, succeeded in restoring animation, but not

consciousness. A violent fever was the consequence of the deadly fright which the infamous Robson had caused him. He wavered a long time on the verge of the grave ; but God's mercy, the care of his physician, and the affectionate nursing of his family, at length restored him.

Now everything was cleared up. The baker had bought grain in the little town, and had laden a barge with it, which was to convey himself and his children the next morning back to the metropolis. By accident, he and his family had occupied the apartment previously tenanted by Herr Heine and his pupils. He had, carelessly enough, forgotten to leave the key in the lock, or to draw the bolt. Robson, who was ignorant of the tutor's having changed his rooms, found it easy to put in execution his infamous plot, which had been hitherto thwarted, and for the execution of which he had followed the excursionists. By aid of a picklock he had got into the first room, and thinking that the professor was sleeping in the small adjoining chamber, he had carefully locked its door before he proceeded to terrify the supposed Henry, of the position of whose

bed he had informed himself some days previously. His diabolical plan was so far successful that he nearly occasioned the death of the unlucky baker's son, whom he had first aroused from his sleep by a moaning sound, and to whom he had then exhibited the illuminated paper skeleton. The rest is already known to the reader.

The professor was deeply moved by the whole occurrence. After having consigned its author to secure custody, and withdrawn with his pupils to their room, he addressed them in a voice of emotion:—

“Return with me,” he said, “my dear children, your thanks to Almighty God, who has watched over and guarded us with such love. We have not to ascribe it to accident or our own foresight that we have so fortunately escaped the terrible danger which threatened us, but simply to God's good providence. He was our defence and our shield against all the crafty assaults of the devil in human shape. Mark God's wise dispensation! Henry,—the same boy who formerly by an inconsiderate jest brought upon you a tedious and almost fatal malady, has to-

day to drink the cup of suffering intended for you! Let us confidently hope that the Father of all will permit this act of man's wickedness to turn to the eventual profit of the unhappy boy. But be convinced that God's righteousness is not circumscribed by time or place, but rewards all good and punishes all evil, whether here or in another life. Henry's enemy did not believe this, and has dug himself the pit into which he has fallen. Lay yourselves down again on your beds, dear children, and sleep gently, in firm reliance on your heavenly Father, who watches over your couch and keeps you from all peril and alarm. What would all my anxious care and attention avail you were not the hand of the Highest stretched out for your protection? Abide in God, and He will abide in you. Thank Him, for He hath ordained praise out of the mouths of infants and of babes."

And the children returned to their beds, and thanked the Lord, who had shown himself their friend, and whose goodness endureth for ever. They slept gently and sweetly—the sleep that a quiet conscience brings with it.

Robson was the very same day led away towards

the capital, but contrived on the way to escape from his careless guards. When Herr Heine learnt this, he said calmly—

“He will not escape his punishment ; God’s arm will reach him before he is aware.”

And the children and their tutor now started to return home. They long remembered with pleasure how agreeably they had spent the happy days during their excursion.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VILLAINS SUCCESSFUL.

SEPTEMBER had now half passed by—the days were shorter, but still warm and beautiful. Only six months remained of the time necessary to decide the wager. This seemed now likely to turn out favourably for Prince Casimir, for Patient Henry was blooming like a rose and had become strong and muscular. His kind guardian guarded him as the apple of his eye—kept him always at his side to prevent any temptation proceeding from the enemy; but since the ill success of his last endeavour, they had neither seen him nor heard aught of him.

It was a dark night; three men were standing together in the wood that crowned the hills commanding the house where Henry resided. They were, engaged in a low, but earnest conversation.

“So!” said Robson’s angry voice, “you will not I ask you for the last time.”

"No!" replied one of the men, firmly; "and I implore, you for God's and Jesus's sake, to relinquish your sinful scheme. Think of your souls! Shed not innocent blood, that would cry for vengeance from earth to heaven."

"We will not shed the boy's blood," said Robson, mockingly; "we will only throw him into the black pond, to see if anyone will help him there."

"Jeer as you please," replied the other; "murder is murder, and will not remain unrequited. Do not take his blood upon your head, for it will bring with it destruction now and for ever."

"Not so," said Robson, "the fault is the count's, who has ordered us at any price to free him from the wager which he was so silly as to make. It is impossible for him to win now; for the boy is like a deer, and all access to him is closed, so that nothing can be administered that can affect his health. Thus one means for the count to get the ten thousand pounds remains, and but one—to put the boy out of the way, so that the bet may be cancelled. But this must take place soon. His disappearance would appear too suspicious if it happened just before the end of the period of two years. Then (a thing that

does not occur to one every day) we shall gain two hundred pounds for our service rendered."

"What does it matter to a man if he gaineth the whole world, and yet loseth his own soul?"

"Be still, you wretched saint!" said Robson; "you have become an old woman! You were formerly quite another sort of fellow, with your heart in the right place and an elastic conscience; and it is only since you were last put into prison and were kept in confinement a few months, that you have changed—and changed, too, so much to your disadvantage."

"Yes," said the man, "there I really found my preserver, who removed my steps from the path of sin, and again led me back to my God. He was, it is true, only a poor tailor—the only man guiltless amongst all the prisoners, but God sent him thither to save me. And as he spoke to me, so do I speak to you. Return from your wicked way, and repent, while there is yet time."

Robson, the monster, laughed aloud.

"What is the use of all this?" he said; "he who is not with us is against us, and you deserve to be struck dead there where you stand. But I pity you

still, and do not abandon all hopes of bringing you again to reason. And why are you croaking so? On account of a stupid boy, whose death leaves hundreds of thousands like him in the world. How many children die every year by the fault of their parents, by the carelessness of their nurses, and by the awkwardness of the physicians; and yet no one croaks over them! What does it matter—a child more or less? Do you understand me, Chapman?"

Chapman replied—

"Millions of men hurry on to destruction, and yet it is not all one whether I be amongst them or not."

"Well," said Robson, "we part, and the two hundred pounds belong to us two alone; but beware how you interfere with our design—inform against, or betray us! Only try, and you will find that you have yourself already so much on your conscience that we can very soon bring you to the gallows."

With these words Robson and the landlord of the Red-house left Chapman, who remained awhile as if rooted to the spot, and then stole sadly after the others.

"We can manage it without that simpleton's aid,"

said Robson to his companion as they were walking on. "I am certain that the watchful Heine, as soon as the game's afoot, will seek first to place his Patient Henry in a place of security, and then apply himself to extinguishing the fire. Then it will be easy for us to get the boy away as quietly as possible, and to stop his mouth. They will puzzle their wits to discover whether he rushed into the fire and perished there."

"What if the fire gained the ascendant rapidly," said the landlord, "and all were plunged in such profound sleep that they were burnt to death?"

"It might depend upon our waking them or not; I do not feel much inclined to do so. If the fire spare us all further trouble, I have not much to say against it. There are enough men left in the world."

The landlord did not venture to make any reply; he followed Robson, who hastened towards the house where Heine resided with his pupils. There was a wooden outhouse built against the side of the house; its thatched roof reached close up to the window where the children were sleeping. The two wretches set fire to this by means of lucifer matches;

and in less than ten minutes the fire, igniting the piles of wood and the straw thatch, rose high in volumes of flame, lighting up the dark night. It became as clear as at noon, and the smallest object was discernible. It was not long before a confused cry of persons, young and old, arose from the house.

The tutor was the first to wake. With imperturbable presence of mind, he roused his young charges, and told them to dress as quickly as possible and to follow him. Robert and Edward obeyed without delay. They were masters of themselves sufficiently to remember to get the best of their effects together, in order to convey them to a place of safety; but Henry was so sleepy and bewildered, that he remained motionless, and did not even make any movement to leave the bed. The tutor took his measures at once—threw his coat over him, took him in his arms, and carried him to an arbour near the house, where he told him to await him, and then he rushed back to the dwelling to save its other occupants.

The favourable occasion was not neglected by the hidden incendiaries. Before Henry had quite come

to himself, he found himself seized, gagged, and hurried away. They supported him on each side by placing their hands under his arms, and so dragged him along with the greatest rapidity in the direction of the little black lake, situated on the verge of the wood and between rocks that rose precipitously over it. It derived its name from its deep black, turbid waters. When they had reached the steepest edge of the mountainous enclosure, where its perpendicular walls of stone were rooted deepest in the lake, the men halted. They laid poor Henry, half lifeless, on the earth. Robson took a cord out of his pocket, and making a slip-knot, said to his assistant—"Tell me, Savage, is it better to attach it to his neck or his legs?" Without waiting for him to reply, he continued—"Round the legs, for then he will not be able to trample and struggle with them, and will go down to the bottom at once. Fetch me a good stone, of about twenty or thirty pounds weight."

Whilst Robson was tying the poor victim's legs together with his cord, Savage went in search of the stone they required. His hands trembled, for human feeling was not all dead in him, but he did

not dare to oppose the will of Robson, because, alas! men usually fear their fellow-creatures more than Almighty God. When he had brought the stone, Robson placed it in the slip-knot, which he immediately pulled close. He then removed from the child's mouth the muffler that almost suffocated him, and said: "I must not let that piece of good cloth go down with the youngster. Now, keep your mouth shut, my fine fellow. Your cries and prayers cannot help you. No one can now save you from my hands, and my ear is deaf to all entreaties."

It is a fact that Patient Henry remained silent, although his mouth was free, and he saw death at hand. His whole frame shook with fright and cold. But his lips remained closed, even when he saw himself seized, lifted up, and held above the dark gulf that lay beneath. When he was conscious that the hands had relaxed their hold, and that he was rushing down to his watery grave, there issued from him in the agony of that moment one loud, brief, shrill cry—but one! It was echoed by the mountains around. Then came a splash in the water, and Robson saw, as he bent over the lake,

its waters close over the body of the unhappy child.

Savage was as pale as a corpse. Wiping away the perspiration that streamed from his brow, he ran at full speed from the margin of the lake.

"What makes you run so quickly?" said Robson, angrily. "Stop for me."

The other continued his rapid flight. But when Robson at last came up, panting, Savage said: "Don't you hear? The child is shrieking still!"

"It is easy for him to do that, isn't it?" said Robson, tartly. "Down there, he will never open his mouth again. The deuce take me, if the youngster do not leave us in peace for the future."

"I did not like it at all," said the landlord—"his uttering no lamentation, his making no resistance, but suffering himself to be dragged like a lamb to the slaughter! That quite softened my heart. Would that the hundred pounds were not mine, and the thing undone."

"Those are your night thoughts; they will give way before the first beams of the sun."

"But, I tell you, I hear that cry still!" said Savage, turning round terrified.

"Then the young cub must have a lion's voice if he can make it heard at this distance," said Robson. "It is all pure fancy ; you are but a novice in such affairs ; it is otherwise when one is used to it. Time reconciles one to everything.

It was not, however, with the landlord as Robson prophesied. He heard, night and day, ringing in his ears the last short cry of the murdered child. He heard it in the midst of his joy, of his drunkenness, and his sleep—he heard it at home and abroad. This is the punishment of an evil conscience ; the past is an inexorable judge, never quitting the culprit, following him to the end of the world, and baiting him to death like the hunted stag.

CHAPTER XV.

RETRIBUTION.

Who can describe the tutor's terror when, on his return, he found Henry no longer in the arbour. He shouted his name near and far off; he hurried back to the house, and would have sought his charge even in the flames themselves, had he not been withheld by the other occupants of the farm.

When all hope of finding him again had expired, the good professor, otherwise so patient and strong-minded, gave himself up to a silent despair, which found relief at last in a flood of tears. He was tormented by the idea that the unhappy boy had met with a dreadful death in the flames, although he did not very well see how this was possible, as he had ordered him not to quit the arbour, and could count upon his implicit obedience. Three days were occupied in anxiously searching after the missing

child ; but there was no trace to lead to a discovery, and Herr Heine returned, sadly, with his two other pupils, to the city.

The farm-house, saved from being reduced to a heap of ashes by the quick assistance rendered by the neighbours, lay deprived of its liveliest occupants, almost desolate at the harvest-time. An advertisement was inserted in all the papers offering a reward for the discovery of Henry, or of his dead body—a measure, the futility of which, only became matter for secret mockery to his murderers. In the meantime, the authorities issued orders that every step of the landlord of the red house should be carefully watched, and the resorts of Robson be ascertained. The police placed themselves, without the two having the least suspicion of it, in a position to seize them at a minute's notice, when the proper occasion arrived. It did so, six weeks afterwards, when Count Sandomir's agent applied in his principal's name for the wager to be declared null and void. Prince Casimir opposed this step, but only for the sake of appearances. He appealed to the circumstance that the period fixed for the decision of the wager had not yet elapsed, and contested the

allegation as to the impossibility of again finding the child alive who had disappeared in so mysterious a manner. Count Sandomir, only too certain of the boy's destruction, fell into the snare, and they consented to the following conditions—namely, that if the boy could again be produced, healthy and strong in body, he would admit that he had lost his wager, but that in the contrary event he should have a right to insist upon the immediate payment to him of the ten thousand pounds. As soon as this had been reduced to writing, and the Count's signature attested, the legal authorities appointed a day for the appearance of both parties, and the settlement of their differences.

At the same period Robson and Savage were both arrested and thrown into prison. The day came. At the appointed hour the two representatives of the betters appeared, as did also the medical men and other persons who were present when the wager was made, Herr Heine, Henry's father, mother and sisters, the farmer and his children, and the landlord of the little inn where the pretended ghost adventure had taken place. Robson and Savage were also brought forward. In a large court of justice

all the most distinguished judges of the city were ranged round a long table covered with black cloth, before which a long low desk was placed; the others who were present sat against the walls of the court-house.

There was a general hush when the landlord of the red house entered the hall heavily ironed. After the irons had been removed he was placed in the dock. The common-serjeant rose from his seat, and arraigned him on a charge of having brought about, by foul means, the death of Patient Henry. The man changed colour, and stammered out his denial of the crime imputed to him. All the attempts which he had made to undermine the health of the child were then disclosed, and he was warned for, his own sake, to admit the charge. Savage persisted in his denial. Then Robson was brought forward, and a similar course was adopted with respect to him. He lied with unblushing effrontery—denied everything—denied that he had ever seen, visited, terrified, or murdered Patient Henry; denied that he had ever pretended to be a wood merchant, or that he was the man who had left the mantle with the false coin in the hands of the tailor. He persisted in his

impudent denials even when confronted with witnesses; persisted in them even when his former accomplice Chapman was produced as witness against him, and repeated the last conversation which they had had together.

Everyone present was disgusted at the shameless demeanour of the man. The judge alone continued calm and composed.

"The living," he said, "have no power over such desperately wicked sinners! Well, let the dead appear against them." Saying these words, he raised his hand; a curtain was dropped from a wall before which it had been placed, and the corpse of Patient Henry was exposed to the eyes of all, lying upon a bier spread with straw; it was covered with sticky slime and water-plants. The brown hair, smeared with mud, clung firmly to his youthful head, and the hue of death was on his face. The eyes and lips were firmly closed, and the hands folded across the chest. The body of the child reposed on its right side in a curved posture, and the legs were drawn up towards the body. He presented the picture of a child lying dead upon his little bed, or of one starved to death by cold. The cord was

still wound several times around his legs, and even the heavy stone was still attached to the cord by the slip-knot.

The judge watched half a minute the effect of the frightful sight upon the two criminals. Savage was quite overcome; his trembling hands clung to the wooden desk to prevent his body from sinking to the earth. With hair standing on end, mouth unclosed, and eyes starting from their sockets, he stared at the corpse. Robson himself was no longer the same man as before. His countenance fell. Its scornful expression had given place to an unnatural gloom. With head sunk down, and his hands convulsively clasped together, he gazed upon the boy he had drowned.

Seizing the opportunity, the judge said, with a solemn voice—

“Yes; contemplate the innocent victim of your wickedness. That cord and that stone cry aloud to heaven against the deed!”

Savage uttered a groan.

“Yes,” said he, “just as the child appears to me every night in my dreams, only that he utters a cry too. He utters that cry now!” he almost screamed.

"That cry! Robson; do you not hear it? It rings in my ears as it did when we threw him into the black lake!"

These words, instead of shaking the firmness of the other murderer, brought him, on the contrary, back to his senses. His features resumed their insolent expression, and with a firm voice he said—

"What lie is that! wretched man? Prove who can, that I am this boy's murderer!"

Thus he challenged all present. Then taking a step towards the bier, and extending his hand towards the body, he said in a gentler tone of voice—

"If this innocent child could speak, he would—he must bear testimony to my guiltlessness!"

Hardly had he uttered these measured words, when—oh, horror! the corpse began to move. The folded hands opened, the legs stretched out, and the eyes unclosed.

The boy half raised himself, supporting himself upon his left hand, which he leant upon the bier. He extended his right hand meaningly towards Robson, and said, with a hollow, sepulchral voice—

"Woe, woe to you, my murderer!" and with these words he relapsed into his former position.

This scene produced an indescribable effect even upon those already initiated. They positively shuddered with horror.

Savage, half out of his mind, cried—

"Robson, do you remember your own words, when you said, 'The deuce take me if the youngster gives any further trouble?' Now your words have made themselves good; you are lost, and I too; woe, woe to us both."

Robson had put both his hands to his face, which was the colour of death. Even he trembled now. The judge put the question to him—

"Do you now confess to this child's murder?"

Robson regarded him with embarrassment.

"If the dead themselves rise from their graves to testify," he said, and shuddered, "I have no help for it, and must admit that there is a just God. Yes, we did do it—I and Savage, for the sake of filthy lucre; for a sum which Count Sandomir promised us."

"It will be difficult for you to substantiate that," said the count's representative.

The judge enjoined him not to interrupt, and continued—

“ Do you make your confession without any compulsion being used, and will you repeat it when occasion requires it ? ”

Robson replied in the affirmative.

It is remarkable, but beyond all controversy, that in the human mind and in the same individual, the most opposite sentiments sometimes have place, and sometimes the exaggeration of one is but the mysterious beginning of the other. Courage goes with timidity, confidence with docility, and obduracy with contrition, for man's heart is full of perversity and contradiction.

This wonderful inconsistency of character was now discernible in Robson, too. Originally a hardened offender, he now became a pusillanimous and desponding sinner. He confessed every offence with which he was charged, and only showed any marks of his former self by giving decisive evidence calculated to bring Chapman also to the gallows.

“ I hope,” remarked the judge—“ and what I

say is to make your mind more easy, and to reward you for the candour you now display—I hope that you also will escape the gallows, which you have merited over and over again. As for Chapman, he has reformed, and already begun to make amends for his former offences by an act of justice; therefore he is discharged from any further punishment. But you,” he continued, addressing the count’s attorney—“you who represent Count Sandomir, must now admit that your client has not only lost his wager, but has been accessory to a great crime, in the prosecution of which he will be subjected to a most scrutinizing examination.”

“I contest both points,” replied the attorney; “although with reference to the subject of the wager—I mean, the boy said to have been drowned—there is much that cannot be cleared up.”

“The riddle shall soon be explained!” replied the judge.

He gave another sign by raising his hand—the bier was again hidden by a curtain, and Heine, accompanied by Henry’s father, went behind it,

whilst the sound of busy movements was heard in that quarter.

The judge again addressed the landlord of the red house—

“As you have shown yourself not to be a sinner hardened beyond all hope of amendment, you will thank me when I release you from the torments of your conscience, and make known to you that your criminal attempt was frustrated, and that the boy is in fact still alive. I am convinced that this I now tell you will not make you regret your public confession. As for you, Robson, recognise in the failure of all your crimes against the boy Henry, the hand of divine Providence.”

The curtain was now withdrawn, and Henry, alive, well, and in a new dress, his cheeks full and ruddy, came forward. The deathly hue had entirely disappeared, his hair was carefully arranged, and not a trace remained of the horrid spectacle he had so recently presented. He looked modestly at all those present, and these greeted the change in his appearance with manifest satisfaction.

But the count's attorney now said—“It is a fraud.” “Not so,” said the judge. “We showed

you first what the condition of the boy was when he was first taken from the waters of the Black Lake, and how he would be now, but for his rescue. It is not owing to any mercy displayed towards him by his murderers that he now stands there in all the freshness of life, but to the mercy of a man," and he pointed to Chapman, "who was to have taken part in the crime, and who in a certain sense actually did so. Let us thank the wise dispensations of the Ruler of all our destinies, that He first permitted Robson to fix a charge of felony upon a guiltless father, which led to the latter's imprisonment, who thus became the instrument in the hands of Providence for the reformation of Robson's accomplice, Chapman. Burton could never have supposed that his charitable act would be rewarded by his convert saving the life of his own son—and yet so it was! It was the will of God that the stone, intended to drag the unfortunate boy down to the bottom of the water and to keep him there, fell, owing to its being jerked out of the slip-knot which held it. Henry would, notwithstanding, probably have been rendered insensible from the shock to his system, had not Herr Heine habituated

his pupils daily to bathe and wash in cold water. As it was, he floated to the surface of the lake, whence he was rescued immediately by Chapman, who had followed the murderers with this very design. After a few efforts, he bore the half-drowned boy to the nearest cottage, where the poor child was warmed and conscientiously nursed. Chapman immediately informed Herr Heine of what had occurred. The latter enjoined upon him the strictest secrecy, and determined to keep the boy in concealment from his persecutors until the time appointed for the wager should have elapsed. He succeeded in deceiving them, and Count Sandomir fell himself into the trap which he had laid for others. You, gentlemen," (and he here addressed himself to the medical men and to the witnesses,) "will now proceed to verify, on behalf of Prince Casimir, that all the conditions have been fulfilled by him necessary to entitle him to be pronounced the winner of the wager."

Henry now went through a thorough personal examination, and his state of health was declared in all respects perfectly satisfactory.

"My judgment then is," said the judge to the

prince's attorney, "that you do not only retain the ten thousand pounds deposited by your client the prince, but also a thousand crowns, that being the sum which his adversary staked."

The moment when the attorney stepped forward to receive the important paper upon which the judgment was recorded, a voice was heard crying "Stop!"

The word issued from Prince Cassimir himself, who had entered the court and been long an unperceived observer of all that was going on.

Approaching the judge, he proceeded—

"The ten thousand pounds, the sum I staked, is my own, but with respect to the sum which I have gained, and to save which a pretended friend of mine has employed such treacherous arts, I proclaim at once that my real motive in laying the wager was rather the wish to amuse an idle hour than to restore the boy to health. But for Divine Providence, it might have been the cause of the commission of much wickedness, and I shall take care never in future to enter into any such wager. From the very commencement I announced that it was

not my intention to take the thousand crowns, even though I fairly won them, and my word shall be kept to the letter. I am strengthened in my determination by my delight at the termination of the affair, which is happy beyond all expectation, and only to be ascribed to the Almighty, who ever draws good out of evil. Half of the sum I have gained I award to Professor Heine, incontestably the person to whom we are most indebted for the favourable result. Two hundred I give as a present to Patient Henry and his parents; another hundred to his two sisters; and an equal amount to Chapman, who has abandoned his former manner of life, and who rescued the boy from a watery grave. The residue I give to the poor of the city."

With the exception of the count's attorney and of the two criminals, whose countenances showed a strange contrast amidst the general joy, all present extolled the generosity of the prince, who quitted the hall of justice in a state of great satisfaction. Robson and Savage were conveyed back to their prison, from whence a little later they were removed to a house of correction. All who remained

behind shared the joy expressed by those who had received such generous presents.

Professor Heine determined, with his share, to found an establishment for instruction, in which Henry, Robert, and Edward should remain to complete their education. This, in the sequel, actually was realized, and the tutor, aided by a pious and sensible wife, brought up many hundred boys, who all became good men and useful members of society. Patient Henry continued his obedient and grateful pupil until he was subsequently admitted to a public school, together with the sons of Justice Willeson, by the kind influence of the latter gentleman. Henry's sisters, with their little dowry, soon found honest husbands. His mother (the wife of a tailor in easy circumstances) continues to enjoy at the present hour her little cup of unadulterated coffee, whilst Burton is often seen taking a pinch of the best brown rappee out of a silver snuff-box. Count Sandomir, on the other hand, to escape from justice, is forced, like Cain, to roam about the world from place to place, without ever settling down or knowing the comfort of a home. Chapman has

attached himself firmly to his preserver Burton, and regards him in the light of his guardian angel. Burton never thinks of the perils through which his beloved Henry has passed without uttering aloud, in a voice of feeling and devotion, "God is righteous and loveth righteousness."

THE END.

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